Life and Death Underground *Robert Cassidy*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Take Heart from The Heartland

Andrew M. Greeley

West Virginia Byrd —*Paul R. Wieck*
Toward Bethlehem —*Sedulus*
Theater —*Stanley Kauffmann*
At Battle Stations —*John Osborne*
William Carlos Williams —*Hugh Kenner*

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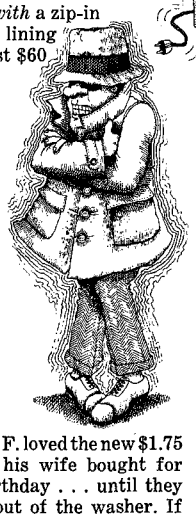
Ten little losers, standing in a line. One bought our magazine. Then there were nine.

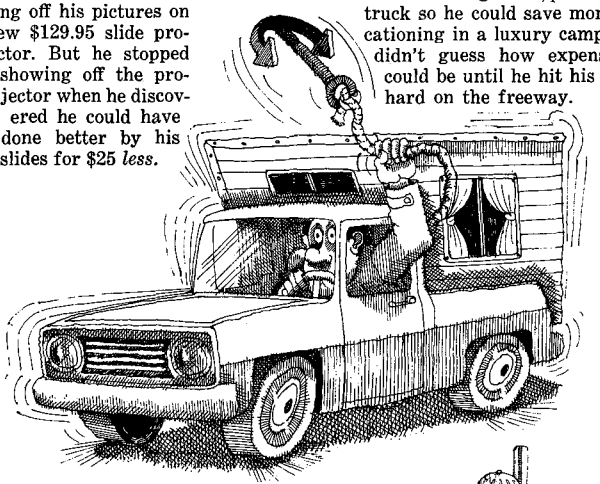
When Ann A.'s new $129.95 food waste disposer kept jamming on bones and refused to chew up grapefruit-rind halves, she wanted to kick the manufacturer. But when she found out she could have bought a disposal that *would* dispose of such things for only $112, she wanted to kick herself.

Bill B. felt like a million in his $70 raincoat—until he needed a *snow*coat and realized he could have gotten a raincoat he liked *with* a zip-in alpaca lining for just $60.



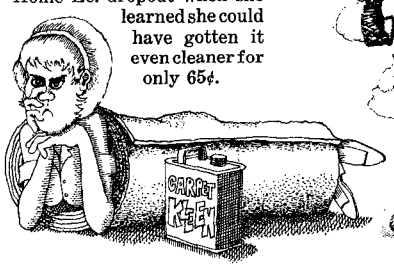
Charlie C. had a great time showing off his pictures on his new $129.95 slide projector. But he stopped showing off the projector when he discovered he could have done better by his slides for $25 *less.*

Dave D. bought a ¾-ton pickup truck so he could save money vacationing in a luxury camper. He didn't guess how expensive it could be until he hit his brakes hard on the freeway.

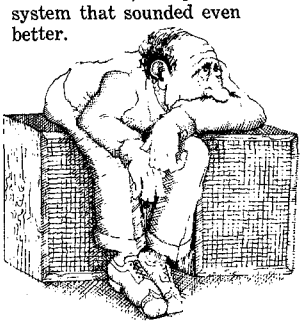


Frank F. loved the new $1.75 briefs his wife bought for his birthday . . . until they came out of the washer. If only she'd read *Consumer Reports*, she could have *kept* Frank happy and saved a lot of money.

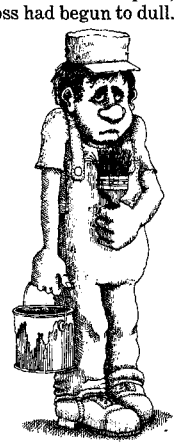
Edith E. thought she was really saving money when she cleaned her 9x12 rug herself for only $2.60. She felt like a Home Ec. dropout when she learned she could have gotten it even cleaner for only 65¢.

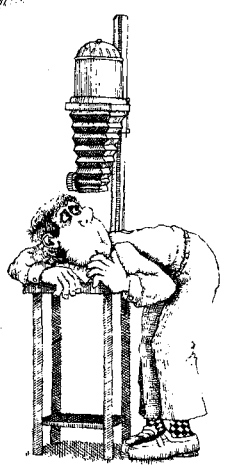


The crowning touch on George G.'s stereo system was a pair of $250 loudspeakers. Nobody told him that the same manufacturer made a $128 speaker system that sounded even better.



Harry H. wanted to invest in the best when he repainted the bathroom. But by the time he learned that the best cost 70¢ *less* a quart than what he'd paid, the gloss had begun to dull.





Irving I. really felt like a pro with his new $174.50 enlarger. When he started pricing *lenses* for it, he wept all over his darkroom for not knowing about a higher rated model he *could* have bought for $135 *complete.*

Johnny J. made up his mind that he'd never again spend his hard-earned money on power mowers with poorly-shielded blades, circular saws that jammed, caulking compounds that shrank and cracked, antenna amplifiers that didn't improve his TV picture, convertible sofas his wife couldn't open, clothes dryers that snagged the laundry, boats that capsized if they took on too much water, and products that just weren't worth the price.

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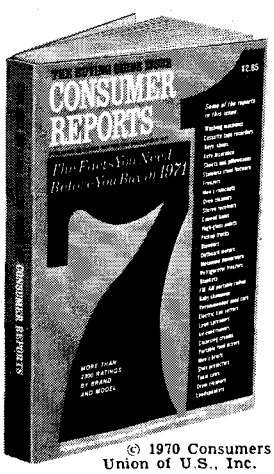

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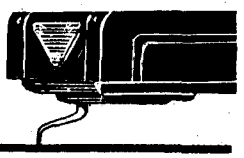

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Snap, Crackle

The Senate was half-empty, of course. Then, suddenly, things snapped and crackled as two young senators went after each other in one of those rare, unpredictable dog-fights that occasionally almost redeem the place.

"It was a very hazardous mission," said tall Bob Dole (R, Kansas), hard-working, aggressive, twice-wounded veteran who more and more is in-fighter for the Administration. He said it with proud conviction.

"Hazardous – for whom?" snapped Edward Kennedy (D, Mass.), who at 38, is nine years Dole's junior. "Hazardous to the prisoners themselves?"

There have been ornate set speeches in the Senate, of course, ever since quill pens and sandboxes and knee britches and Webster and Borah and all that; but it is in the fast give-and-take (when it mercifully comes) that reporters drop ballpoints, listen to the encounter and sit spellbound.

"Let me say to the Junior Senator from Massachusetts," began Dole.

"*Senior* Senator," Kennedy cut in curtly.

"We were discussing this morning in the Senator's absence——" Dole tried again.

"No, I was here, I listened to the Senator."

Dole skipped it this time. His theme was the aborted rescue attempt at Sontay.

"It is another indication of the desire of this Administration to do everything possible to free American prisoners whether they are in the north or in the south," he said proudly.

"Is the Senator satisfied that this is the best means of freeing prisoners, through surgical strikes rather than by negotiation?"

"Is the Senator suggesting that we do nothing? Is the Senator suggesting that we sit back and wait and wait? Some of these prisoners have been languishing in prison for 5 years."

Kennedy: "And they are still there; are they not?"

Dole: "If the Senator from Massachusetts wants to criticize President Nixon for the operation, let the Senator from Massachusetts do so. We are talking about human lives!"

A minute later, in this necessarily highly abbreviated account, Dole continued, "But as the Junior Senator from Kansas views the operation, it was successful. It did indicate American resourcefulness, ability, bravery, and the fact we are concerned about American prisoners."

Senator Dole of Russell, Kansas, said this proudly; he seemed to be saluting the flag as he said it, repeating the Pledge of Allegiance. But Kennedy hit back: "Would the Senator not agree with me that the lives of American prisoners who are being held in the camp could very well have been lost? One cannot have it both ways. One cannot stand here, as some senators did, talk about the brutalities of the North Vietnamese and their killing helpless people, and then think, when the Americans start going over the barricades at prison camps, that the security of the helpless prisoner is going to be assured."

Dole: "Let me say there is no certainty on the battleground. It was a risk taken to save American lives. The Senator from Kansas applauds that action, that spirit, and that act above and beyond the call of duty. . . . If two were rescued it would be hailed a success without question."

Kennedy: "No matter how many were killed in that attempt?"

But none were killed, Dole replied. He continued, "The Senator from Kansas applauds the efforts made by the gallant Americans who volunteered for this mission."

"I applaud courage, too," said Kennedy. But this did not appease the other. He asked, "Does the Senator suggest that there is no obligation to the American prisoners of war, or that our Government should sit back and wait?"

Kennedy: "No, my position would be that the quickest way we could get the American prisoners out, as has been stated before——"

Dole: "Would be to surrender?"

Kennedy: "—is to announce that we are getting out of Vietnam by a certain date. If we did that I would suggest they would be home."

The argument spread, to senators, to Washington, all over the nation. Defense Secretary Laird, bald and genial, blandly reiterated before the Fulbright Foreign Relations Committee, that, even though no Americans were found, "the intelligence in this mission was excellent." Press and spectators laughed wryly. This very laughter gave opportunity for an Administration counter-thrust.

"I repeat," cried Republican leader Hugh Scott in the Senate debate, "I cannot understand how anyone could be critical either of the operation *per se* or of a government which is trying to release prisoners of war!" Dole picked up the argument: "Some are very quick to condemn President Nixon who is disengaging from Vietnam."

Kennedy: "I reject this argument on its face. We ran into this kind of argument during the recent political campaign; statements to the effect that because one criticizes the Administration and their acts, which in this case I firmly believe endangered lives, that one cares any less about the well-being of prisoners of war or that one is less loyal to his nation. I will not be intimidated."

A week later Senator Fulbright widened the argument in his television interview. Why was it Laird, not Rogers, who defended Sontay to the Senate? Because, he said, the Defense Department "for all practical purposes" is taking over the primary role in foreign policy now, especially in Southeast Asia. "They directed operations there. They have made the decisions. I think the decision, for example, of going into Cambodia, was essentially a Defense Department decision; with the President, of course – but the State Department played a secondary role, if any."

Fulbright expanded it. "The military establishment runs nearly the whole country. They dominate the Congress. They get everything they like out of Congress. You have heard of the military-industrial complex; this is a very real thing. They have the money, they have the propaganda machine, they influence opinion, and they are the dominant influence today, I'd say, in our society."

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Is Muskie The One?

When he took office nearly two years ago, President Nixon had four primary tasks: to reconcile Americans of all races and ages and restore common trust in representative government; to stabilize the economy, keeping down both unemployment and inflation; to set in motion programs to make the American community a fit place to live – cleaner air and water, more housing for the least well off, safer streets, efficient transport, and a sensible system of health care for everyone; and to end the war in Vietnam. On all four counts, the Administration as of this date has not earned a passing grade. The jobless rate is up, so is the price level. The cities decay, the social services do not serve, the environment is poisoned or polluted; racial tensions, crime, the rejection of the system by young idealists are on the increase. As to peace in Vietnam, the President's representative in Paris summed it up last week: "There have never been any true negotiations" (though that was blamed, of course, on Communist stubbornness). Nor do the next two years promise any marked improvement in Presidential performance. For between now and November, 1972, as John Osborne comments in *The Nixon Watch* this week, the guiding question in the White House will not be what does the country need, but how many votes are in it. No, Nixon is *not* the one the next time.

That is why there is such early, widespread speculation about who could and should replace him. We don't expect Nixon to do an LBJ and refuse renomination, so we turn for hope to the Democrats. And here, speculation inevitably begins with Edmund S. Muskie of Maine. He is so far ahead in the competition for nomination in '72 that a significant number of Democrats, high and low, have concluded that Muskie's primacy should be accepted as final by the party, now, and that other possible contenders should withdraw from consideration, and should instead work alongside Muskie for a united party in '72 and the largest possible victory for the whole ticket. The latest Louis Harris poll gives some support to that view. It has the Senator from Maine leading Mr. Nixon 46 to 40 percent, a dramatic gain for Muskie, since only a month earlier the figure was 51 percent Nixon, 35 percent Muskie. Moreover, the same poll shows Edward Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey winning the approval of only 39 percent of those polled, as against 46 percent for Mr. Nixon. The

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excellent impression Mr. Muskie made by his fireside chat over national television on the eve of the November elections doubtless accounts for a part of this remarkable upsurge in popularity. But he was not starting from scratch. His relaxed, reassuring performance as the Democratic Vice Presidential candidate in 1968 had already illustrated his talent for inspiring trust, and among hardhats as well as eggheads.

Since then, the Senator has been doing the necessary. Sixty-three percent of the voters cast their ballots for him on November 3 – in what once was a Republican state. "As Maine goes, so goes the nation" will be heard often between now and convention time. He is writing a book or two, as all proper Presidential candidates must. He has mastered one issue that is on the mind of everyone: if he has not nailed down proprietorship of pollution, it is not for lack of enterprise. He has shifted from defending the Vietnam policy of Lyndon Johnson to attacking the same policy as pursued by a Republican President. So far this year he has traveled to nearly every key area in the US giving 73 speeches outside Maine. He has passed the hat at 16 fund-raising affairs for other Democrats. He has set up an efficient staff, outside his senatorial office, of 20 paid and 50 volunteer workers who are dedicated to making him President. And he is planning the prescribed tour abroad that always precedes a formal declaration of availability.

Given this public acceptance, this performance and these ambitious plans, why should another Democrat challenge Senator Muskie? Any real campaign for the nomination, no matter how modest, is costly in time and in energy, and is very difficult to keep free of personal recriminations. Yet it would be unfortunate were all the other Democrats to lie down and play dead in deference to the front-runner. No one is out until someone is in. There is always a chance that Mr. Muskie will stumble and fall before the summer of 1972, though it must be added that since he is a cautious man, not given to leaps in the dark or even the dusk, that chance seems remote.

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Nevertheless, variety makes for interest; there's no contest with only one player. Variety also contributes to sharper debate and voter education. Any man who runs for the Presidential nomination knows he will get press and television attention that he does not get as a senator. The more Democratic contenders there are, the less chance Mr. Nixon and the Republicans have of dominating the news. Moreover, a handful of national Democratic spokesmen, other than Muskie, do have things to say that are worth saying, ideas they hold with passion and which ought to have wider circulation. And those ideas are not ones which Muskie may want to express, or not with quite the same force.

Everyone knows that the Democratic Party is broke. Whether the National Committee owes $9 million or $5 million is incidental; it's strapped for money. But let there be a lively campaign in '71 and '72, with attractive candidates who talk sense, and pocketbooks will again open that have been closed to Democrats. The unity of the party need not be compromised by competition. Debate is not fratricidal – if rivals stick to issues, and if there is no deep Democratic split on a major and emotion-laden issue, an issue such as Vietnam was in 1968. We see no sign of any such split two years hence. The shoe, at least the Vietnam shoe, is now on the other foot, which is one of the reasons it seems to us that a third party offshoot is not likely to take root.

Finally, whatever the arguments pro and con for an early rallying around Muskie, venturesome politicians can't be kept from dreaming, and in the heart of each there lingers a vision that times and tides may turn his way. The Democratic Party has more than one such man. Our reluctant opinion is that Hubert Humphrey's future as a Presidential condidate is all past. But the party has three bold campaigners of intelligence in Senators Edward Kennedy, who was given a handsome vote of confidence this November by the people of Massachusetts; Harold Hughes, who served Iowa as commerce commissioner and six years as governor; and George McGovern, director of Food for Peace, twice elected to the House of Representatives and now in his second term in the Senate. They will do to begin with. In fact, the national Democratic Party never had it better in respect to the availability of modern-minded leaders. Cheers to them all.

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Plots and Conspiracies

Is there an FBI conspiracy to link opposition to the Vietnam war with terrorism at home? The question arises from J. Edgar Hoover's assertion on November 27 to a Senate Appropriations Subcommittee that two Catholic priests, the Rev. Philip F. Berrigan and the Rev. Daniel J. Berrigan are leaders of "an anarchist group on the East Coast, the so-called East Coast Conspiracy to Save Lives," which is plotting to "kidnap a highly placed government official. . . . If successful, the plotters would demand an end to US bombing operations in Southeast Asia and the release of all political prisoners as ransom." And more. The group "plans to blow up underground electrical conduits and steam pipes serving the Washington, DC area, in order to disrupt federal governmental operations."

Mr. Hoover's statement was made in prepared testimony on the FBI's request for an additional $14.1 million to pay salaries of 1000 additional agents and 702 clerks. The Berrigan brothers are not available for questioning by the press, because they are locked up in the Federal Correctional Institution at Danbury, Conn., having been convicted of participating in the destruction of selective service records in Maryland two years ago.

What is this East Coast Conspiracy to Save Lives? One report published last week credited it with having had eight members; another 11, most of them priests and nuns. One clerical informant told UPI that the organization "has never claimed the leadership of the Berrigan brothers." Two other priests who had been associated with the organization denied that the Berrigans were even members. The Rev. Joseph R. Wenderoth of Baltimore call Hoover's charges a "fabrication." The Rev. Richard Bidwell, a Jesuit in Boston, said Hoover's statements are "not true at all," and anyway the group is "no longer in existence," and when it was in existence it had not "engaged in violent or anarchistic tactics."

Through their attorney, the Berrigans acknowledged that there is indeed "a Worldwide Conspiracy to Save Lives and 'to demand an end to US bombing operations in Southeast Asia.' " But, they added, Mr. Hoover had been "overgenerous." For at "Danbury, we have neither the facilities nor personnel to conduct such an enterprise." They asked for "equal opportunity to answer his charge."

The White House and the Justice Department have not been willing to clarify or amplify Mr. Hoover's remarks. No one on the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee bothered to ask the FBI chief to identify the intended kidnap victim. Perhaps we will be told more in a forthcoming TV installment of "The FBI Story."

One way to undermine law and order is to raise doubts about the objectivity and fairness of the custodians of law enforcement. And doubts are raised when an official of the Justice Department, which Mr. Hoover is, uses alleged plots and threats for political purposes around appropriations time. Either Hoover's statements are fictitious, in which case they should be retracted, or they are well-founded, in which case they ought to be documented. If Mr. Hoover has the evidence, let him come forward with all of it, and let those accused be questioned for the public record. At the least, the Berrigan brothers are due equal time before the congressional committee which heard the charges. If it is shown that the charges entirely are without foundation, the priests should have some redress at law.

Freeing POWs

The failure of the commando mission to liberate American POWs cannot be blamed on the unavailability of a camera that sees through roofs, as Defense Secretary Laird has suggested. Photo reconnaissance played only a small part in the planning of the Sontay raid. The scheme was based mostly on intelligence gathered from captured prisoners and defectors, including at least one former guard at the POW camp. The US had carefully built a file on Sontay over many months.

Given such patient preparations, American intelligence organizations were aware that Hanoi probably knew the Sontay camp had been compromised. A dozen previous attempts to free prisoners in surprise operations failed because 1) the other side routinely changes POW camps at unpredictable intervals; 2) when Hanoi discovers that any North Vietnamese or Vietcong with knowledge of the camps is missing, American prisoners are quickly transferred to new locations. It's unlikely that the US intelligence community – if consulted – would have advised Mr. Nixon to undertake the operation unless it had current hard information that Sontay had *not* been evacuated.

The raid smells of a Nixon-Laird, can't-lose political operation, one designed to give the Administration a domestic "victory" whether or not any prisoners were found at the camp. But the campaign to promote Sontay as a success goes far beyond the usual official doublethink, which has given us an unbroken string of victories from Khesanh to Hamburger Hill. The President has used the raid as a smokescreen to hide his failure to begin serious negotiations in Paris for the prisoners' freedom. Hanoi announced several months ago that a US declaration of intent to withdraw from South Vietnam by mid-'71 would start immediate discussions on POWs. Mr. Nixon's pattonmania at Sontay and his declaration of failure have done nothing but jeopardize their early release.

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Dow on the Farm

When the public learned through a TV documentary and congressional hearings that the Minute Maid subsidiary of the Coca Cola Company maintained a squalid migrant labor camp in Florida, Coke took action to brighten up its image. Exposure moved the company to do for the workers what it might not otherwise have done. Ralph Nader and Campaign GM have unquestionably affected the behavior of General Motors. The lesson that bad publicity (for a corporation) can have good effects (for the public) has not been lost on the burgeoning public-interest organizations in Washington and elsewhere. A spinoff of the Project on Corporate Responsibility (which did Campaign GM) called the Agri-business Accountability Project is currently working with Cesar Chavez and his United Farm Workers Organizing Committee to get union recognition for migrant and seasonal farm workers in the Southwest. With a staff of four and a small Field Foundation grant, AAP is looking into who owns the farms that ill-treat workers.

Chavez has already been successful through strikes and the lettuce boycott in unionizing about 20 percent of the lettuce growers, who, in some instances, thought they could escape Chavez and his insistence on decent wages, employment guarantees for seasonal field workers, retirement funds, nondiscrimination in hiring, and bans on pesticides by entering into more favorable contracts with the Teamsters, who in turn strongarmed the workers into joining up. At the moment, Chavez' principal antagonist is Bud Antle Inc., the second largest producer of lettuce. Antle has a contract with the Teamsters, though workers never designated that union to bargain for them. Antle obtained a court injunction against the UFWOC's picketing his operations in California and Chavez expected to be cited for contempt for violating the ban.

According to the Agri-business Accountability staff, the Dow Chemical Company, which made napalm, makes pesticides and needs more poor publicity like the Sahara needs sand, bought 17,000 acres of Antle property last year for $5 million to save Antle from losses; it then leased back much of it to Antle. C. F. Weaver, the President of Dow Chemical Financial Corp., a subsidiary, is a director of Bud Antle Inc. Dow owns "at least 15 percent" of Antle's stock. Dow sells Antle packaging material used to wrap lettuce. No one claims that Dow "controls" Antle; the claim is that the company could exercise some influence in the present labor dispute. Dow, for its part feels unjustly implicated and its spokesmen have stated quite accurately that AAP is trying to capitalize on the napalm notoriety in fingering Dow. Antle, with more than 50,000 acres in two states, considers itself a harassed family farm.

On November 18, Fred Ross, Jr., who heads the UFWOC boycott operation in Seattle put up a picket around the Dow plant. Ross says he got a call that night from Bob Antle, vice president of Antle Inc. complaining that picketing Dow violated the injunction preventing the union from picketing, leafleting or talking to employees of Antle. In other words, picketing Dow is picketing Antle. AAP hopes Dow will pull a Coca Cola.

Rosenthal's Lament

Congressman Ben Rosenthal (D, NY) felt the disappointment of Sisyphus when, last week, the House Rules Committee rejected his consumer protection bill, passed just a day earlier by an uncommon 74 to 4 vote in the Senate. The margin in the Senate established – if proof were required – that consumer protection is an issue whose time has come. Favoring as it does the largest "special interest" group in the country – everybody with a buck in his pocket – such legislation should be unbeatable. Rosenthal had constructed a strong bill, marshalled bipartisan support for it and was close to success but the heavy stone rolled down the hill. That it was defeated, by a 7 to 7 tie in the Rules Committee, was in part a fluke occasioned by the absence of Rep. Richard Bolling (D, Mo.) who'd said earlier he would vote for it but was unwilling to cut short an extended vacation in the French West Indies. With 7 votes on their side, President Nixon and the US Chamber of Commerce, which strenously opposed the bill, carried the day.

Rosenthal's bill would have created an independent consumer agency with authority to represent consumer interests with the regulatory agencies, the courts and the remainder of the federal government. It would have tested products and published results without reluctance to single out brand names. Although the bill had been criticized for giving the President power to appoint the agency's administrator, and thus retain some measure of control, the President opposed it as too independent. As a diversionary tactic the Administration said it wanted a consumer agency too, but one that would reside within the Justice Department. Rosenthal's aides suspect Nixon wanted no consumer bill at all. When Rep. Rosenthal appealed for support to the White House consumer advisor, Mrs. Virginia Knauer, he got no reply. She's quite definitely not independent. The defeat of the consumer bill was a terrible blow to the credibility of her office. Congressman Rosenthal says she's lost her effectiveness and should quit, "forthwith."

Rosenthal is hoping to find some procedural way to resurrect his bill in this session of Congress but he's not optimistic.

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The Imperial Role

"History did not prepare the American people for the imperial role in which we find ourselves, and we are paying a moral price for it."

That dictum of the Hon. J. W. Fulbright is an impressive example of American understatement. Literally, the Senator is right; but he errs by omission when he fails to add that our unreadiness exacts not only a moral price, but an economic price, an intellectual price, and a physiological price as well. Not the moral price only, but all four have become so extortionate as to have brought us uncomfortably close to financial and moral bankruptcy and by poisoning the environment to physical debility. These conditions make a wise use of imperial – or any other – power highly improbable.

In fairness it must be added that the Senator's remark was made in passing, for in his latest book (*The Pentagon Propaganda Machine*) he has other fish to fry. He is inveighing against the risk of allowing militarism to run unbridled, which is indeed an appalling risk, for which statesmen must be held accountable. Nevertheless, his reference to the failure of history to prepare us for our present role carries the plain implication that we might reasonably have expected something better, which is questionable, to put it mildly.

History has no effect, good or bad, on those who cannot, will not, or do not read, and reading means learning the sense, as well as the spelling of the words read. Doubtless Stephen Decatur could spell "patriotism," but when he equated it with "my country, right or wrong," he construed it as "slavery," with which it has no connection whatever. Furthermore, among those who can and do read, history, far from preparing, actually disables those who misread it. The study of history has many diverse uses, but as far as influencing contemporary action is concerned, its whole significance lies in its account of how men managed to survive under the conditions obtaining at the time and in the place under study.

Senator Fulbright notes that the American people are called on to play a new role on the world stage, and intimates that they have had no opportunity to learn it. But that is not the case. We have more precise information than was available to any earlier generation about the way the role of imperialism has been played. The archaeologists have dug up fairly extensive knowledge of Assyria (2700 BC), some about Sumer (several centuries earlier), and a little about the Indus civilization that may have preceded both. The catch in it is that all the reliable information instructs us how *not* to play the role of empery, for the end has invariably – well, the British Empire may prove to be an exception – been disaster, often attended by disgrace.

What the Senator omitted to note, although it is the crux of our situation, is that this is the second time the American people have been called on to play a role that nobody had ever learned to play successfully. The first was in 1787. It was new because it involved political power popularly controlled, which had often been tried, but as often had failed. Yet the Americans made a go of it, and the American idea – of course with adaptations and modifications required to meet local conditions – has been followed by most of the nations of Western Europe, sometimes and in some ways with better success than we have achieved.

True, the power involved was national in 1787 and is imperial in 1970, but that is a detail; the heart of the problem is the necessity of discovering or inventing a form of empery that will not lead inevitably to our own destruction. The earlier empires were based primarily, but far from exclusively, on superior military power, but that is out because technology has developed weapons of such extreme efficiency that they cancel each other. The United States and Russia, with China perhaps not far behind, are now in possession of weapons so powerful that if either nation discharges them, it will assure its own destruction, and perhaps that of all civilization. As regards each other they are in effect disarmed.

But if military power is neutralized, which for practical purposes is the same as abolished, is there any imperial power left? The question is slightly different in form, but in substance it closely resembles the question put to the Founding Fathers, which was, if the royal authority is abolished will there be any authority left? It turned out that there was, and so the national republic survived. If it turns out that the answer to the new question is also affirmative, then the imperial republic has a chance to survive, but not otherwise.

Is Senator Fulbright then at fault for not having mentioned this point? He is an intelligent man, therefore he must have thought of it, but he is also a man in public life, and it is questionable that a man in his position, partly responsible for the formulation of public policy, should ever propound a question that he can't answer, especially when it is a frightening question involving national survival.

But there is no question that every American in private life, having delegated his political authority to elected officials, should ask himself and ask his neighbors what this country is doing to avoid the blatant errors of its predecessors as imperial powers. If the question scares him that is all to the good, for the real tragedy of last month's election was the all but complete neglect of the root from which spring most of the evil fruits whose appearance agitates us. That root is the blankness in the minds of the majority, whether silent or uproarious, as to what an imperial power ought to be doing in the world to increase the chance of its own survival as well as that of civilization.

Gerald W. Johnson

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The Nixon Watch

At Battle Stations

You are talking with a friend in a West Wing office at the White House, at the quiet end of a day that has been a frantic one for him, when he drops a remark that answers most of your questions. The questions have to do with a sensed change in the climate around Mr. Nixon, a hardening of the Presidential attitudes that pervade the place and condition the attitudes and labors of all who serve the President. Are the change and the hardening real? They are, the friend says, and they are natural and inevitable if one considers a determining difference between the first two years and the second two years of this Nixon term. "We are taking battle stations for 1972," the President's man says. Mr. Nixon wants and expects to be reelected then, his thoughts and plans and policies are centered upon that objective, and everything that he does and causes to happen at the White House and throughout government in the next two years must in the nature of things be related to it.

There is, for present example, the matter of Counsellor Daniel P. Moynihan and the evidence that the President neither wishes nor intends to replace him when he returns to the Harvard faculty in early 1971. Happily for him, though he refused to recognize the reasons why it was a happy decision, Moynihan changed his mind about accepting the President's offer of the US ambassadorship to the United Nations but stuck to his belief that two years on the Nixon staff were enough. It turns out that Moynihan and the President between them had cooked up, in seven months of lively discussion, an odd and intriguing but impossible notion of what the UN ambassadorship could be made into. Excepting only the stormy tenure of Henry Cabot Lodge in the Eisenhower years, the ambassadorship has been a glorified messenger's job, intensely frustrating for incumbents who tried to make it anything more than the obedient calling of Washington's signals. Moynihan and Nixon talked themselves into believing that the UN could be regarded as a sort of international welfare state, rarely adapted to serious and conventional diplomatic business but ideally suited to the display of Moynihan's dual expertise in social problems and international law (which he studied before he became an urban specialist). Premature disclosure embarrassed the President and raised some personal difficulties for Moynihan. He and Nixon sadly agreed on the morning of November 25 to call off a plan that, if it had been carried out, would almost certainly have proved to be mistaken and impractical.

The remaining point of interest is the President's indicated conclusion that he won't need Pat Moynihan or his equivalent at the White House in the next two years. The reason stated there is that it was safe and feasible in the first two years to encourage a certain amount of innovative thinking and programming of the kind in which Moynihan and the young men whom he brought to the White House with him specialized. Most of the proposals that they stimulated and developed – for welfare reform, higher education, mass transport, the beginnings of a national health care system, among others – were dead or languishing in Congress toward the end of 1970. Less energy went into getting them enacted than into getting them proposed. But they added up to a more extensive and more impressive body of potential legislation than was generally expected of the Nixon Administration. And now Pat Moynihan is leaving and the last of his young men are leaving with or soon after him, not in most instances because of specific ideological differences with the President, but because they have sensed that the time for innovation is past. They perceive that the second two years is to be a time for caution, for disciplined adherence to declared Nixon doctrine, and above all for sustained appeal and submission to the conservative preferences and prejudices of the President's "great silent majority."

It took President Nixon just 25 minutes at the close of the day before Thanksgiving to fire his Cabinet maverick, Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel, and to designate for his successor Congressman Rogers C. B. Morton of Maryland, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, who may be counted upon (as Hickel surprisingly could not be) to combine moderately enlightened ecological policies with a judicious respect for political necessities. The central actor in a drama that followed at the Interior Department may be regarded as a prototype of the ascendant Nixon man. He is Frederick V. Malek, aged 33, a California management consultant who made himself a fast fortune by putting together a conglomerate of tool companies and was placed at the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to handle personnel problems for Secretary Robert H. Finch. Soon after Finch was transferred to the White House staff, Malek turned up there as a special assistant responsible for "recruiting top candidates to Presidential and other high-level appointive positions." He is personable, soft of voice and gentle in manner, and utterly cold in his approach to his job.

Malek went to the Interior Department and in one afternoon summarily fired six of its officials. Some of them had been so closely identified with Hickel that no successor would want them around. That was not true of Leslie Glasgow, the assistant secretary for wildlife, fish and national parks. In Congress and elsewhere, among conservationists and others familiar with his work and concerns, he was known as a knowledgeable and effective ecologist who refused to truckle to despoilers, argued strongly for his own views of what

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policy should be and loyally supported contrary policies when he was overruled. When Glasgow objected that he had been appointed by the President and should be fired by the President if by anyone, Malek said that he was speaking for the President and demanded an oral resignation then and there. A White House official involved in the unpleasant business said later that the firings were not quite as brutal as news accounts indicated: the fired officials had been told, for instance, that they would be paid for another month and could take their time about vacating their offices. But, the official said, only Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler could say as much for the record. Ziegler declined to say it and so to soften the impression of savage reprisal that then prevailed. Could it be, the more informative official was asked, that the President's people wanted an impression of ruthless White House discipline to prevail throughout the federal bureaucracy? "Maybe they do," the official answered.

One of Malek's assignments in early December was to find a successor to Dr. Roger Egeberg, HEW'S assistant secretary for health services. Between denials at HEW and refusals to deny at the White House that Egeberg was on the block, the report to that effect was left in the weird realm of encouraged speculation that the President evidently thought conducive to his preparations for the pre-election period. An enormous flap over possible appointees preceded Dr. Egeberg's selection for the job in 1969 and his acceptance of it was announced with maximum fanfare. The only explanation offered in private for the desire to get him out was that he just didn't comprehend the ways and processes of government, however good he might be at diagnosing the nation's health problems. It was a thin explanation, hesitantly advanced, and the same kind of thing was said in the same way about Leslie Glasgow. It hardly disposed of the supposition that both Egeberg and Glasgow were judged to be unhappy with Nixon policy as they knew it. That's the sort of thing that, in the next two Nixon years, won't do at all.

John Osborne

Can He Overfly Senator Kennedy?

West Virginia Byrd

No one has mastered the art of tickling senatorial vanities better than Sen. Robert C. Byrd (D, W.Va.). But "Bobbie" Byrd, as his detractors call him, isn't all that solicitous for courtesy's sake. He's after power – power stripped of all purpose or belief. He hopes to get it in January by replacing Sen. Edward M. Kennedy as Majority Whip. That would give him real power, whereas now he can only assist in housekeeping chores as secretary of the Democratic conference (a position Sen. John Stennis helped him obtain in 1967).

Prowling around the Capitol, I found a few people willing to talk about Byrd, but none "for attribution." One Democratic senator who carries a liberal label says Byrd "helps us in big and little ways." Could he give an example of a "big way"? Well, "if one of your bills comes up and you're out of town, he calls. He goes to Mansfield to get it taken off the calendar. He watches that sort of thing."

He went on to explain that Majority Leader Mike Mansfield is a "very inflexible, impersonal" leader who can't be depended on to protect a senator who is speaking in San Francisco, Denver or St. Louis, but "Bobbie" Byrd can. "He's built it on courtesy. That's why he's popular. I call Bob Byrd for everything and everybody else does, too." Did the senator plan to vote for Byrd? He wouldn't say. "The only reason I would vote for Kennedy is his liberal leanings. I don't owe him a thing." But didn't he and his colleagues worry about Byrd's conservative leanings? "Sure. That's the only thing that will swing the liberal vote away from him."

"Conservative" may be the wrong word. One person close to the Senate operation is convinced that, as a party leader, Byrd would be "a Lyndon Johnson, but with a mean, racist streak." There are some open indications of that; like the day he sternly gaveled down a group of black children leaving the gallery with the normal amount of noise. Or his obsession with "immorality" among District of Columbia welfare clients (mostly black) during the years he chaired the DC Appropriations subcommittee.

In 1950, his opponent in a state senate race revealed Byrd had been a Klan member. Byrd subsequently admitted membership from "mid-1942 to early 1943." His excuse: "Being only 24 at the time, I joined the

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order because it offered excitement and because it was strongly opposed to Communism." He said he dropped it "after about a year"; however, later in the campaign a letter in Byrd's handwriting dated April 8, 1946 and addressed to the Imperial Wizard of the Klan was produced. In it, Byrd as "a former Kleagle" said "the Klan is needed today as never before and I am anxious to see its rebirth here in West Virginia."

The disclosures didn't upset the voters in the hills of southern West Virginia. They gave him a heavy majority in 1950 and, in every race since then he's improved on it. This November, he won with 77 percent of the vote. So forgiving are the voters that the Knights of Columbus in Beckley, W. Va., the major city in his home area, recently gave Byrd their Citizenship Award.

L. T. Anderson, editor of the Charlestown, W.Va., *Gazette*, describes Byrd as "enormously popular" and says he "appeals to all the popular prejudices with skill and finesse." Rednecks and Rotarians are equally pleased by the Senator's Agnewesque stance on crime, college unrest and drugs. The only pockets of opposition are found in academic and press circles.

He is accustomed to dropping issues when they are no longer productive. Thus, Anderson explains, Byrd no longer rants against the 1954 school desegregation issue, because it doeesn't excite the voters. Even his hawkish stand on Vietnam has been moderated to a "we have to get out" line, though he vigorously opposed the McGovern-Hatfield resolution.

There's general agreement on one thing. The West Virginian is uncommonly ambitious. That drive has carried a young butcher in a crossroads town to the threshold of power in the US Senate. As the 1970 election approached, there were rumors Secretary of State Jay Rockefeller would run against Byrd in the primary. Rockefeller is conceded to be the one man in West Virginia who might be able to cut Byrd's career short. But Rockefeller has his eye on the governorship, so he called on Byrd to assure him he had no intention of challenging him. Byrd, unable to relax, looked at Rockefeller intently and said: "But what about 1976?" Humor is not a Byrd specialty. Other senators joke; he quietly gathers up the mundane duties around them in an effort to make himself indispensable.

Byrd today has no raw power at his disposal. He's not chairman of an important committee. Nor does he have access to unlimited campaign funds (oil, insurance, etc.) to help his colleagues. So he runs a personal service bureau. He is always on the floor to ask unanimous consent for a senator to be added as co-sponsor, to sit alone until late afternoon to make the routine motions, or check the calendar. One observer summed it up: "He's made himself available to handle the little odds and ends. Senators love that. Mansfield can always rely on Bobby Byrd to stay late to take care of the housekeeping duties." With the unerring instinct of youth for spotting the foibles of their elders, the pages who sit and watch quickly typed Byrd. Their nickname: Mephistopheles.

Socially, the Senator is unknown in Washington. He's never seen on the cocktail circuit, never mentioned on the society pages. No smoking, drinking or wenching. On weekends, he returns to West Virginia to preach in the swaying, clapping style of his Baptist constituents. He's a lay preacher and one of the sources of his political strength is his evangelical fervor.

I talked to him at a gathering in the Capitol late one afternoon, a nonalcoholic reception for Gov.-elect David Hall of Oklahoma. Several senators had already told me Byrd had approached them about support for a bid against Kennedy. Was he serious about it, I asked. "I never pursue anything that isn't serious," came the instant reply. Was he campaigning actively? He sidestepped that one: "There's plenty of time, it's two months away, we're still in session and I'm putting the business of the session first."

Nose counters insist Byrd doesn't have a chance. They're probably right. The liberal-conservative split on the Democratic side of the aisle won't be altered enough by the fall election to wipe out the 31-26 edge by which Kennedy beat Sen. Russell Long two years ago. It's doubtful if a majority of Senate Democrats could bring themselves to opt for a man who voted for Haynsworth and Carswell, against some of the civil rights legislation of the last decade and ranted against a resolution to put a cut-off date on the war.

One who isn't even impressed by the tidy way Byrd takes care of his colleagues is Sen. Frank Moss (D, Utah), who has just been reelected with 56.2 percent of the vote in one of the West's more conservative states. He plans to run for secretary of the Democratic conference whether Byrd challenges Kennedy or not. Moss is already contacting friends in the large bloc of liberals from across the Mississippi, with encouraging results. He also expects backing from the large "Class of '58" which has been returned almost intact. "I just don't think Byrd reflects the basic philosophical or ideological position of Senate Democrats," Moss told me a few days ago. Furthermore, he's "not impressed" by Byrd's endless little favors. Moss has talked to both Mansfield and Kennedy but received no commitment. He describes Kennedy's reaction as "circumspect." Two years ago, Moss thought of taking on Byrd and told him so. It baffled the master of the mundane and, a little later, Byrd offered to step aside in Moss' favor in a contest for a spot on the Judiciary Committee. Moss declined the offer.

There's one more dimension to the maneuvering going on among Senate Democrats today. That's the lingering resentment against Kennedy for seizing a procedural job to use for his own political purposes, and then neglecting the actual duties. A few even remember how Kennedy supporters stirred up their

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constituents when he ran against Sen. Long. Nothing strikes a member of the gentlemen's club as being more foul than having a colleague or his backers stir up trouble for them back home. That's when terms like "son-of-a-bitch" start getting bandied about. So they're enjoying the little drama. Even those who consider Byrd a walking, talking menace can see some good coming out of it. One senator, grinning as he pictured it, said to me: "Byrd has been making all the motions of the whip. You should see Kennedy now. He's watching him like a hawk." Another put it this way: "Maybe Kennedy will now concentrate on his Whip duties."

Paul R. Wieck

Appalachian Coal Miners

Life and Death Underground

When President Nixon sent his proposals for a comprehensive coal mine health and safety law to the Congress in March, 1969, he described them as "the most advanced of the health and safety precautions undertaken and potentially available in the coal mining industry." Since the existing law, the 1952 Federal Mine Safety Act, was said to be full of "exemptions provided to avoid any economic impact on the coal industry" by President Truman when he signed it, it would have been difficult to imagine any proposal that would not have been an improvement.

The Administration bill was, in fact, tougher than the one recommended by President Johnson. It gave more power to the Secretary of the Interior to regulate mine safety; it provided stiff fines for violators, and the first federal recognition of miner's "black lung" – pneumoconiosis, a debilitating respiratory ailment caused by breathing microscopic dust particles.

How serious the Administration is about enforcing the Federal Coal Mine Health and Safety Act of 1969 was made perfectly clear two weeks ago, when hundreds of ex-coal miners, miners' widows, and poor people from eastern Kentucky and West Virginia conducted a mock trial of the administrators of the black lung section of the law. Organized by the Clay County Poor People's Association, the hearing was held at the Horse Creek Community Center in Manchester, Ky.

One witness, Jim Gilliam, testified that his claim for black lung benefits has been sitting in the Baltimore office of the Social Security Administration since last April. A veteran of 32 years in the pits, the ex-miner went to a doctor for tests. "The doctor said I had the black lung bad. He said all I could do was go home and take it easy, and he give me some Bible Scriptures to take with me." Of the 229,000 claims for black lung benefits filed nationally as of November 6, 43 percent have been decided. In eastern Kentucky, however, only 22 percent of the claims have been decided; West Virginia's 24 percent isn't much better.

Twenty percent of all claims that have managed to emerge from the bureaucratic mire have been denied. Of the West Virginia claims, however, 32 percent were denied; in eastern Kentucky, 57 percent were turned down. In brief, the Administration is not fulfilling Congress's intent to provide relief for the 100,000 men the US Public Health Service estimates have black lung. For miners sophisticated enough to properly file a claim, or lucky enough to have a sympathetic lawyer, the time it takes to see a claim through can be deadly, since most of the men continue working.

Meanwhile, the Social Security Administration has contrived some ingenious ways to confuse and discourage the black lung claimants. At the Manchester hearing, lawyers for the miners revealed that the district manager of the Hazard, Kentucky, Social Security office told miners that they must be able to prove ten years service in the mines before they could even hope to make a black lung claim. This is not in the law, the lawyers said. The law *does* provide that a miner may enhance his claim by proving a decade of service, but lack of such proof is not a justifiable reason for denial.

Other witnesses revealed that Social Security has been demanding a positive X-ray test of black lung, even though the law doesn't require it. Dr. Donald L. Rasmussen, the famed black lung doctor from Beckley, West Virginia, noted that the only truly positive test for black lung is a biopsy. Chest surgery on every black lung applicant certainly is not practical. X-ray tests, he said, are of dubious value, since they must be taken with great precision and may be read differently by different doctors. In his own examinations of more

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than 4000 coal miners Dr. Rasmussen found many with positive black lung pathology who failed to show positive X-ray tests.

The miners also charged the Social Security Administration with refusing to tell claimants the precise reason for denial of benefits; with refusing to inform miners of their right to be examined by the doctors of their choice and be reimbursed for it; with refusing to tell miners that they can have their X-ray tests reread; with refusing to provide working miners with pulmonary function tests.

In perhaps its most insidious abuse of the law, Social Security has been denying benefits to victims of so-called "simple" black lung by applying the "national employability test" to them. Congress put this requirement into the 1968 Social Security Act to restrict the number of disability claimants. It requires a claimant to prove that he is unable to work in "light industry" or other "appropriate" work before he can receive benefits. As the miners at the Manchester hearing stated, this rules out disability benefits for victims of simple black lung. There are very few light industry or other appropriate jobs in Appalachia for these men. If they do find an opening, they usually fail the physical. And as Arnold Miller of the West Virginia Black Lung Association pointed out, "Disabled miners don't have the skills to go into other industries."

The administrators of the law chose to answer the miners by way of the press release. They claimed that more than 23,000 persons in Kentucky and West Virginia are receiving regular benefits totaling $2 million monthly, but that Social Security has the manpower to process only 3000 claims a week. The miners at the Horse Creek Community Center didn't have to be told that the system has bogged down. The empty chairs of Edward J. O'Brien and Hugh Meade of Social Security's Bureau of Disability Insurance, and Howard P. Jones of Kentucky's Bureau of Rehabilitation Services, showed the miners how concerned these men are about hearing complaints from the people affected.

The miners and widows know how the law is supposed to be administered. Their demands, put in the form of a petition signed by nearly everyone who attended the Manchester hearing, are simple. They want procedures speeded up, so that men don't have to wait a year for benefits. They want the national employability test abolished for black lung claimants. They want the requirement of ten years service in the mines and a positive X-ray test dropped; they prefer tests that show impaired lung function or shortness of breath. They want the complete medical report and medical justification for any man who is denied black lung benefits. They want benefits for any widow who can show reasonable proof that her husband had black lung, even if his death certificate doesn't show it. And they want the President to appoint another federal judge for eastern Kentucky, so no one has to wait three or four years for his case to come through the courts.

An indication of how successful the miners will be in getting fairer enforcement of the health section of the law can be obtained from an examination of how the safety part of the law has been handled. Immediately after the Farmington disaster of 1968, in which 78 miners perished, the then director of the Federal Bureau of Mines, John F. O'Leary, initiated a massive inspection campaign that led to the closing of all or parts of some 300 mines in two months. That was nearly three times the number of mine closings for the previous 12 months. The coal operators were not about to take this sitting down. Last April, almost as soon as the new law went into effect, the operators obtained a restraining order preventing the bureau from enforcing parts of the law. Earl T. Hayes, who had become acting director upon O'Leary's retirement, pulled his 250 inspectors out of the coal fields until the bureau could establish its legal standing on mine inspections. The legal action took the pressure off coal operators to install the new safety equipment required by the law. Earlier this month, the coal operators dropped their suit, claiming that there now existed "an atmosphere of cooperation between operators and the Bureau" under Elburt F. Osborn, the Nixon-appointed director.

Unlawful health conditions in the mines are being glossed over. When Congress debated the bill, it debated maximum respirable dust level. The Nixon Administration favored a maximum of 4.5 milligrams of respirable dust per cubic meter; Congress and the US Public Health Service wanted a 3.0 maximum. Congress won. But the miners of Kentucky, and probably the rest of Appalachia, have not. According to a study of about 860 underground mines conducted by the Kentucky Department of Health, coal dust levels averaged more than 14 times the prescribed maximum for a miner who served as a helper on a cutting machine. In some mines the levels were 67 times the maximum.

Despite the moans and groans of the coal operators that vigorous enforcement of the law will shut down hundreds of small mines because of the expensive equipment involved, the law must be enforced. Health and safety improvements will have to be made, and the consumer will ultimately have to pay for them. Since most of the bituminous coal in the country is now being used to generate electricity, higher operating costs in the mines will be reflected in higher lighting bills for the consumer. Economic studies conducted by the Federal Bureau of Mines in 1969 showed that a 25 cent increase in the per-ton cost of coal would result in a four or five percent cost increase for electricity. If the American consumer decides against paying more to sleep in air-conditioned comfort, he will do so over the dead bodies of Appalachian coal miners.

Robert Cassidy

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Inspect That Toy

For last Christmas, Congress gave everybody the Child Protection and Toy Safety Act. But it was never taken off the shelf. From January to November the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare banned no toys from the market – even those which the National Commission on Product Safety had cited in urging passage of the bill. Now, just before this Christmas, HEW has announced that a few toys may be banned some time before December 25.

If Consumers Union and the Children's Foundation had not planned to file a formal petition, HEW probably would not even have taken this tiny, tentative step. The CU petition called for the immediate banning of several toys as "imminent hazards," under a section of the Act which would trigger a do-it-yourself recall campaign by giving purchasers and retailers the right to a refund of the purchase price, plus shipping costs. Even after a series of letters CU began sending last March, naming the specific toys, and an October letter from Rep. James O'Hara (D, Mich.), who co-sponsored the Act, HEW still couldn't bring itself to apply the "imminent hazard" ban. HEW prefers to rely almost entirely on mediation with manufacturers; it has listed 24 toys which manufacturers have assured HEW will either be modified in design or discontinued. Nothing has been done about models on sale today.

The Food and Drug Administration, in which the Bureau of Product Safety is located, argues that it has insufficient funds for testing and enforcement. So in effect, the testing will be done on children. A new bureaucratic twist has been added; it is said that the definition of "imminently hazardous" toys will have to wait until the courts rule on pending litigation over what kind of pesticide constitutes an "imminent hazard" under the Federal Insecticide, Fungicide, and Rodenticide Act. There is, of course, a fundamental difference between pesticides and toys: there is some benefit to be derived from pesticides, which must be weighed against their dangers; there is no comparable benefit from hazardous toys, unless the FDA agrees with the National Safety Council's Toy Safety Consultant who said that, "a child has to experience some minor injuries, some minor experiences of trauma, in order to learn."

Three of the toys cited by the Product Safety Commission and CU (a toy oven with higher outer surface temperatures than real ovens, a casting set which presents shock and burn hazards, and a glass-surfaced sketching toy) are not even affected by the FDA proposal, although manufacturers have said that designs are now modified. In replying to CU's petition, FDA asserted that "there is no compelling reason in the accident reports available to us for declaring any of the toys [subject to the FDA proposal] an 'imminent hazard,'" although the legislative history is clear that the Secretary need not wait for toys to do their damage before exercising this authority. After almost eleven months of negotiations with manufacturers, FDA insisted that an additional period for comments was "called for in the interest both of fairness to manufacturers threatened with product losses and to enable the agency to move ahead on solid factual and judgmental bases." One of the toys which was not considered to present an "imminent hazard" – foot-long "lawn darts" – has already been reported to CU as having blinded one child and inflicted a skull puncture wound on another who survived after two brain operations.

Other toys which FDA has *proposed* to ban as hazardous substances, but refused to ban immediately as "imminent hazards," are toy guns which produce sounds over 100 decibels, noise-maker balloons which force whistles down children's throats, rattles with sharp spikes, and dolls with similar spikes. All are still on the market, and even in the unlikely event that FDA's proposal is acted upon before Christmas, they will probably be removed from the shelves only by sales to unsuspecting consumers. It's still largely up to parents and other buyers to examine toys for hazards.

James R. Michael

Mr. Michael *was staff counsel with the National Commission on Product Safety.*

"They are famous for clever design and shoddy workmanship."

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Take Heart From the Heartland

"I don't like ethnic campaigning; I think it's kind of cheap." – Arthur Goldberg, *candidate for governor of New York, to an audience of Italian-Americans.*

"If you are humble in victory and courageous in defeat, you'll always get along in politics. Tonight is a night for great humility." – Richard J. Daley, *November 4, 1970.*

by Andrew M. Greeley

Both Kevin Phillips and the team of Richard Scammon and Ben Wattenberg are agreed that the Middle West is crucial in American politics. Whether it be called the "Heartland" or the "Quadracali," it is the "swing region" in Presidential elections; and as the elections of 1970 quickly become an unpleasant memory, one is forced to say that the heartland has moved to the left. In the massive block of America between the Ohio River and the Rocky Mountains, Democrats managed to hold almost all of their supposedly tenuous Senate seats, score most of their House gains, send a bright new liberal face to the United States Senate, and grab just about every governorship in sight.

How can this be? What happened to the silent majority? Where is the backlash? What became of the crime issue? Apparently, they've all migrated east of the Hudson River.

And, if the heartland has become liberal once again, its capital is the despised Second City on the shores of Lake Michigan. For the hated Daley Organization won what may be its greatest victory. Adlai Stevenson III now holds the Senate seat his father always wanted, having obtained 2,065,154 against his opponent's 1,519,718 votes. Two other attractive Democratic candidates – Alan Dixon, the new state treasurer, and Professor Michael Bakalis, the superintendent of public instruction – joined with Stevenson in leading the first major success for the Organization in previously solid Republican suburbs of Chicago; the Republicans find themselves with almost nothing left in Cook County, and the Democrats dominate the state legislature in Springfield for the first time in the twentieth century. Not bad at all for the last hurrah.

While Democrats and liberals in New York and Connecticut were busily engaged in committing suicide, Richard J. Daley was picking up every marble on the playground. While progressive New York was helping Mr. Agnew put James Buckley in the United States Senate, benighted, hard-hat Illinois was giving an overwhelming victory to a man whose family name symbolizes all that was supposedly dear in American liberalism. Is it possible that those who do most of the thinking and writing about American politics, who shape the issues and campaigns, who author the columns and the articles in the liberal journals have missed something critical about American politics?

One of my colleagues remarked the day after election that "of course you can elect a liberal in Illinois if his name happens to be Adlai Stevenson." Leaving aside the fact that there was a liberal called Paul Douglas and another called Charles Percy, the question remains why a name which symbolizes the "liberal permissiveness" that Mr. Agnew so cheerfully denounced is political magic in a state supposedly dominated by the silent majority and, to use a term bandied about at a meeting of the American Sociological Association in 1968, "shanty Irish bigots"?

I am contending that the Chicago system deserves a fair investigation in the wake of November 3 to see what it may tell us about the operation of the political process. Martin Meyerson, Edward Banfield and James Q. Wilson have made such investigations on the scholarly level but their investigations are systematically ignored, even by their sometime colleagues at the University of Chicago. And the journalists from the East – to say nothing of their alienated imitators from Chicago – are interested only in telling it like they knew it was before they bothered to investigate it in any depth. Let me illustrate.

► An Eastern paper the day after the election wrote of a "deal" by which Stevenson agreed to support Daley candidates in return for Daley's support of his senatorial candidacy. The article added that while Stevenson had won easily, the Daley machine had not done well.

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The facts are that such "deals" do not exist in Chicago politics (they are not necessary), that Stevenson *was* a Daley candidate, and that the Daley organization *had* won the greatest victory in its history.

► The normally fair Howard K. Smith lumped Stevenson (though not by name) with Agnew on the night before the election as an example of campaign demagoguery because Adlai wore an American flag on his lapel, emphasized the crime issue, and put a famous prosecutor on his campaign staff. The facts are that Stevenson had authored crime legislation before it was fashionable to do so and that the prosecutor in question, Thomas Aquinas Foran, receives more hate mail for prosecuting a school integration case in a Chicago suburb, indicting police for the convention disturbances, and pushing faculty integration in the public schools.

► Roy Newquist, writing obviously for non-Chicagoans in Fielding's *Guide to Chicago*, observes, "the political complexion of Chicago seems to be undergoing a change. The 1968 Democratic Convention riots upset the natives more than anything else that has happened in decades and citizens of all colors are taking harsh second and third looks at the regular Democratic (or Daley) machinery." Newquist is right, of course, that the natives were upset by the convention demonstrations, but the slightest glance at the public opinion polls ought to have indicated that it was not the organization at which they were angry.

► A prize-winning Chicago journalist has quoted several times a sentence from a speech of Foran's after the conspiracy trial in which the prosecutor said, "Our children are shocked when they hear us saying "wop" and "nigger." He never bothers to add that the next sentence was, "And they are right to be shocked." Nor does he point out that on racial and economic matters Foran has always been a liberal. Indeed, one of the most fascinating interludes of the campaign was Foran – an impressive TV personality – upstaging Jesse Jackson on a TV talk show with ploys like, "I agree with you completely, Reverend Jackson, but I'd want to go further and take an even more radical stand."

► A New Yorker once observed to me, "Everyone knows that Julius Hoffman is the most corrupt judge who ever bought a seat on the bench from Dick Daley." Hoffman is a Republican appointed by Dwight Eisenhower before Daley was mayor of Chicago, and judgeships are not "bought" in Chicago. They *are* frequently a reward for loyalty, but Chicago has no monopoly on this method of judicial selection.

► The ordinary explanation for the "Machine's" triumphs implies that in part the votes are bought or stolen, and that in part they are cast by a patronage army. One gets the picture of vast, unthinking Slavic hordes marching in tight discipline to the polls. The facts are that you cannot steal or buy a half-million votes, and that the patronage army is tiny compared to the size of the city. Furthermore, the black and Slavic voters of Chicago are no less intelligent than voters elsewhere. The blacks have had alternative candidates to the Daley candidates and have, with one or two exceptions, soundly rejected them. Nor are the Polish voters who overwhelmingly endorsed Adlai Stevenson unaware of his racial stand. To explain the Organization's ability to get more than three-fourths of the Polish vote and three-fourths of the black vote in terms of fraud, fear, and theft is to turn the voters of Chicago into dull, stereotypical automatons. Such a strategy is useful for those who don't want to face the possibility that there may be some extremely important political truth that the Organization has discovered. But it is also prejudice in the strict sense of that word.

One moderately militant black summarized the position of many of his colleagues when he told me, "We're loyal to the organization because it works, because we know of no better way of improving our position in Chicago, and because, while it can't give everyone everything he wants, it can give most Chicago groups enough to keep them happy." Such a comment may sound cynical and, from a black, even treasonable. But, from the point of view of Chicago Democrats, it represents the essence of the political process.

The masters of ethnic politics are not intellectuals; they are not given to articulating abstract ideas; only Foran and one or two others look good on TV; their insight into the city and what makes it tick is not phrased in slick social science terminology, but is concrete and instinctual. Any attempt to state their model of the political process in formal terms – such as I will shortly engage in – is bound to lose something of the vigor and flavor of the original. On the other hand, while intellectual types may find the poor diction and malapropisms of some of the ethnic politicians vastly amusing, their amusement should not blind them to the fact that the best of politicians have an intuitive grasp of the city that would make the most skillful social scientist look naive.

The first assumption of ethnic politics is that the city is composed of various groups, national, racial, economic, religious. It is the politician's role to act as a broker among these groups, arranging and rearranging power and resources in such a way as to prevent one group from becoming so unhappy with the balance that they will leave the system. He arranges, usually indirectly and informally, and almost always gradually, compromises among the various power elements within the city, that these elements could not achieve by direct negotiation among themselves. Thus, Irish aldermen or congressmen are slowly phased out to be replaced by Poles and then blacks (there are three Polish Democratic congressmen, two blacks, two Jews, one Irishman, and one Italian from Chicago, and in the next

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ANDREW M. GREELEY *is program director of the National Opinion Research Center, University of Chicago.*

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aldermanic elections about 30 percent of the city council seats will be held by blacks); but there is no great fanfare accompanying such changes. Does the organization slate a black congressman to represent Cicero and Berwyn? It surely does; but it doesn't issue press releases claiming that it is engaged in a revolution.

The "balanced ticket" is a symbol of this power brokerage game. To exclude a group its "place" on the ticket is to insult and offend them. If you should tell an ethnic politician that in one state (New York) the Democratic slate was made up of three Jews and a black and that the party still expected to get the Irish and Italian vote, he will simply not believe you. And if you tell him that in another state (Connecticut) a Unitarian minister with an Irish name and a liberal background led a slate on which, for the first time in many years, there were no Irish Catholics he would assume that the Irish vote would go Republican and wonder who was responsible for such an inept decision.

Nor would he be able to understand why some would consider piece-of-the-pie demands to be immoral. The model of the new politics – enthusiastic college students from "out of the neighborhood," vigorous ideological liberalism, passionate moral self-righteousness – would baffle him. The ethnic politician knows that in most of the districts of his city this model will not win elections.

In his frame of reference you can't afford to lose one economic or racial or ethnic group. If you win an election at the price of turning off one such segment of the city and setting the others against this scapegoat group you're simply asking for trouble. No political leader can afford to lose a major group from his consensus, for he will find it difficult to govern without this group and even more difficult to be reelected.

The ethnic politician also realizes that most people are not ideologues. He knew long before Amitai Etzione's brilliant article in *Transaction* that most people are quite "inconsistent" in their political attitudes; they are "liberal" on some issues, "conservative" on others. Furthermore, the ethnic politician realizes that for all the attention they get on the media, self-appointed "spokesmen" usually represent only themselves and a tiny band of friends. Most citizens are not interested in ideology but are moved by more concrete and pressing matters – jobs, sidewalks, garbage removal, streets, transportation, housing, access to the government to get assistance when needed. The vast network of precinct captains is not merely, or even principally a downward channel of communication designed to convey voting instructions. It is also a technique – frequently more effective than public opinion polling – for determining what is on people's minds and providing them with a feeling of access to the system.

Why do you slate an obvious liberal like Adlai Stevenson at a time when the pundits are all persuaded that there is a "shift to the right"? Partly you may do it because you don't read the pundits, but partly because your instincts and your organization say that Adlai is a winner. Why are you undismayed when a smooth advertising firm, relying on poll data and White House advice, turns out clever ads suggesting your candidate is "soft" on student radicals? Mostly because your instincts and your organization tell you that the student issue is not all that important and that Adlai is still a winner. And why do you rejoice when the Vice President arrives on the scene as part of the "realignment" strategy and accuses Adlai of disgracing his father's name? Because you know your voters well enough to know that they are not going to be "realigned" by such foolishness and will certainly resent such an attack on someone about whom they have already made up their minds.

The ethnic politician is also free from the pundit's uncertainty about the nature of the electorate. Before the election, there was much fear that the voter was a narrow, frightened, easily swayed member of the silent majority, and maybe a hard-hat to boot. After the election, he looked more like a responsible, discriminating, and sophisticated person. But from the ethnic politician's viewpoint, both images are incomplete. He is well aware of the unpredictability, the strain towards bigotry, the extreme sensitivity to slights, the fear, the impatience with all politicians. But he also realizes that there is a strain towards rationality, openness and trust, and a sympathy for social reform, and that, in his better moments, John Q. Voter is capable of civility, intelligence and generosity. Thus, the ethnic politician is not too surprised when he rises to heights. In other words, you appeal to both the voter's fears and his idealism, his selfishness and his integrity; and, after awhile, you hope that you have become skillful in the art of blending the two kinds of appeals.

The ethnic politician's slogan that social progress is good politics is neither phony nor cynical but simply a statement of political reality as he sees it. He knows that if he is too "conservative" the balance he has established will not shift rapidly enough to keep up with the changing state of his city; and if he is too "liberal" he may attempt to force change on the city before there is a broad enough consensus to support it. In the thirties he supports the trade unions and in the sixties the black demand for power, but he supports both such demands in ways that will not drive other groups out of his coalition. There may be a tendency in such an approach to move too slowly, especially if the organization has poor communication links with a minority group. But the political leader is much less sanguine than his academic critic about the ability of any leadership to correct most social problems in a brief period of time.

The two Stevensons, Paul Douglas, Otto Kerner (who presided over the extremely liberal report on Civil Disturbances), and the present Lt. Governor, Paul

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Simon, represent a liberal tradition of which any state might be proud. Michael Bakalis, a thirty-two year old university professor (of Greek origin, conveniently enough), and US Congressman Abner Mikva are liberal enough to please Professor Galbraith. The ethnic politician knows that there is a strong liberal strain in his electorate and that an articulate and intelligent liberal can have strong voter appeal. The liberal must of course be able to win, he must want to win (frequently a difficulty for many American liberals) and he must not forget who helped him to win – or run the risk of not winning again. Furthermore, he must realize that he and his fellows cannot claim a monopoly on all offices. From the point of view of the ethnic politician, liberalism is good politics, especially when he can find a liberal who is willing to admit that politics can be good liberalism.

While his critics contend that it is patronage which holds the organization together, he knows himself that "loyalty" is more important than jobs. As one young Irish lawyer put it, "a man who is not loyal to his friends will never be loyal to an idea." The mockery to which Arthur Goldberg was subjected by those who thrust him into the political limelight would be unthinkable to an ethnic politician. You stand by your own, even if they have made mistakes, or if they have perhaps grown a bit too old. You wait patiently in line until it's "your turn" to be slated. You accept the decisions of the organization with good grace and work for the success of the ticket even though you are personally disappointed. You do so because you're convinced that there is no other way to engage in politics and that the alternative is what New York Democrats are currently calling Balkanization.

In his book, *The Irish and Irish Politicians*, Edward Levine tells the story of Nineteenth Ward Committeeman John Duffy who supported Martin Kennelly against Daley in 1955 because of the loyalty that Duffy's mentor, Thomas Nash, felt for Kennelly. According to Levine, Daley is reputed to have said, "If I were Duffy I would bolt." Later Duffy became the organization's president of the county board and worked closely with the mayor. There is a nice etiquette required of those who must balance loyalties, but the phrase "do what you have to do" is fully understood by the ethnic politicians. When he hears that this is "clanishness" the ethnic politician is puzzled. What are the alternatives? To quote one of Levine's informants, "The only thing you have in politics is your word. Break your word and you're dead. The most successful politician is the politician who kept his word." But if he is puzzled by the failure of the "liberal" to understand this truism, the ethnic politician would probably be astonished that such new left political theorists as John Schaar are demanding the same kind of personal fealty from their political leaders. The ethnic leader and the hippy guru may have more in common than they know.

There are obvious faults in such a political model in addition to those which are inevitable in any political model. Its very flexibility and amorphousness may make dishonesty and corruption somewhat easier than the so-called Reform models of politics, but ethnic systems are much less corrupt in most American cities than they have been in the past and ethnic politicians have no monopoly on corruption. Nor is the charge that the ethnic system is not open to the major forces of social change a valid one; quite the contrary, if the system is working properly social change is precisely what it is open to, though it distinguishes between actual social change and that announced by academic theorists.

There are three critical weaknesses however. First, the responsiveness of the system to groups depends to some extent on how well organized and articulate a given group is. The ethnic politician does not readily spot a situation where a given group may need his help in organizing itself and articulating its demands.

Second, small but potentially explosive groups can be missed. The basic problem at root of the 1968 turmoil was that the organization had little experience with the Youth Culture and was unprepared to deal with it. It learned quickly and there has been no repetition of the scene in front of the Conrad Hilton, but the mistake of playing into the hands of the radicals was a function of the fact that until the convention Youth Culture was not seen as a serious problem to cope with.

Finally, while the ethnic politician is not likely to be swayed by the moralism, the dogmatism and the perfectionism of the academic, his own proclivity to a concrete and instinctual style makes it hard for him to communicate with the intellectual and make use of the intellectual's important contribution to the political process – and, in particular, the intellectual's ability to spot long-range trends and problems.

It is difficult to write such an article for non-Chicago readership. The mere mention of "Chicago politics" or "Richard Daley" or "Irish politicians" erects a barrier in certain segments of American society which is hard to pierce. The system is immoral and corrupt or, to use Mr. Goldberg's word, cheap.

But the "liberal" may want to ponder the thought that the alternative is Nelson Rockefeller and James Buckley till the year 2000. And the "radical" may feel that ethnic politics are part of the "establishment" which must be overthrown in "the revolution" – whether it be the peaceful revolution of Consciousness III or something more bloody. But the "radical" may want to ponder the fact that even after the revolution he will have to contend with the same social groups in the large city with which the ethnic politician must cope, and that if he does not come up with a better method, he will either have to fall back on the ethnic strategy or maintain a very efficient secret police and a very large system of concentration camps.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

MacGowran in Beckett

(Newman)

Home

(Morosco)

In Paris last April the Irish actor Jack MacGowran presented a one-man show of readings from Samuel Beckett. MacGowran arranged the text, Beckett advised and approved. In the weekly *Le Monde* of July 8, the philosopher and critic E. M. Cioran praised the show highly. (With a writer's bias! "Even if [MacGowran] had been the author he could not have shown greater conviction or fervor.") Now MacGowran is presenting his Beckett production in New York, and if it has some of the limitations of one-man-showmanship, it is a sad, funny, beautiful evening.

The setting, by Ming Cho Lee, is excellent: mottled gray-brown hangings that curve in at the bottom to suggest the womb of an immense, petrified monster; and one small rock. The lights come up on MacGowran, his gray hair close-cut, wearing a long ragged great-coat held together by pins, no socks, scuffed black shoes. He looks like an ancient fetus, dressed for a long-delayed birth. (If you saw Lester's film, *How I Won the War*, you'll remember MacGowran as the soldier-turned-clown.) He stands there a moment, then words grumble out of him, resonant, wry, tinged with Dublin, and the Beckett world begins.

The evening consists of selections from the novels and poems and plays, arranged in suites and sequences. It is less a *tour de force* than a tour of climate and mind. Between selections MacGowran shuffles to a different place (rarely sitting on that rock), muttering inaudibly before he decides to stop and let us hear once again what he is saying. He begins with the opening of *Malone Dies* and ends with the last lines of *The Unnamable*, and the gist of the evening is, indeed, as Cioran says, an examination of the wisdom of having been born, "when one reflects on the advantages of never having existed, on the miracle of virtuality uncontaminated by action." This nearly Buddhist principle, as Cioran calls it ("There can be no liberation without meditation on the futility of birth"), hangs over the stage in invisible, inescapable letters; but at times through the just-long-enough evening, there are touches of quite conscious self-parody, because both Beckett and McGowran know that there is only so much nothingness that the human mind can face in two hours – two hours of the theater, at any rate. During that time, one of the many things that occurred to me is that three of the greatest apocalyptists of the century have been Irish – Yeats and Joyce and Beckett – and none of them has been quite able to keep a straight face about it. Tenderness and lyricism and, above all, ridiculousness keep breaking in.

Often I rocked, really rocked, with laughter at the Beckett one-man show of the One Man: the account of the sixteen stones (from *Molloy*) which bitingly satirizes scientific method; the line (from where?) "Ideas are *so* alike when you get to know them"; or the passage (from *Molloy*) in which the narrator tells how he communicated with his blind, deaf old mother by knocking on her skull. "One knock meant yes, two no, three I don't know, four money, five goodbye."

And there is the exquisite: the love memory from *Krapp's Last Tape;* the lines from *Cascando:*

saying again
if you do not teach me I shall not
learn
saying again there is a last
even of last times

In short, there is everything – but everything seen from the Beckettian view. And let's remember two points about this wonderful language. First, almost all of it was first written in French and then in English by the same man. Second, Beckett shares with Shaw and Joyce the Irish inability to write a line that cannot be spoken well, that cannot be *improved* by being spoken aloud.

One-man shows come in two kinds: the recital of separate selections, such as the shows that Ruth Draper and Cornelia Otis Skinner used to give, where it is easy to like or dislike one item or another; and the "woven" show, such as Roy Dotrice playing John Aubrey in *Brief Lives* or MacGowran here, which has to be seen more or less as an organic work. There are occasional lags of interest and tension in this Beckett evening, simply because the material was not written for the organic purpose to which it's being put, but if the lags were cut out, the evening would be too short, and there seems little likelihood that, if they were replaced, the inherent structural contradiction would be overcome. We simply have to take the show as what it is for the good that it gives us.

MacGowran himself is always legitimate, which I mean as a compliment to the authenticity of his impulse and method and understanding, but never overwhelming. Now I'd like to see him in *Waiting for Godot* or *Endgame* so that the touch of stunt would be absent and so that he could concentrate on the wholeness of a role instead of the wholeness of the author.

He is being presented on one of the four stages of the Public Theater, whose producer, Joseph Papp, whatever his defects, is certainly not short on energy and enterprise.

David Storey is probably best known in this country as the author of both the novel and the screenplay of *This Sporting Life* (1963), the film directed by Lindsay Anderson. Storey's play *Home*, also directed by Anderson, inevitably suggests Beckett and Pinter and suffers very badly in the comparison. It deals, mainly, with four people in late middle-age who are staying in what seems to be a resort hotel but turns out to be a mental home. Their inanities are meant to delineate the inanities of existence, and there are hints toward the end that the mental institution represents England and these people represent its attrition.

For this purpose, the mental hospital is a much less vivid metaphor than the music hall in John Osborne's *The Entertainer*. Besides, the madman or madhouse as a comment on the sane world is an old device (Pirandello, Weiss, Witkiewicz, among others). Storey's version simply shears away plot or development and has pointlessness as its point. It is not enough. This play exists for no reason except to make clear that it is not about what it seems to be about.

Put Beckett aside as too cruel a com-

(Continued on Page 33)

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Reed Whittemore: A Prophet Despite Himself

The Passing of the Modern Age by John Lukacs

(Harper & Row; $7.95)

John Lukacs quotes with approval an anti-prophetic statement of the historian Huizinga: "History can predict *nothing* except that great changes in human relationships will never come about in the form in which they have been anticipated." Lukacs is accordingly much more modest with his prophecies than some of his contemporary competitors, and delights in questioning familiar assumptions upon which prophecies are based. He protests, for example, that we are *closer* to the past than we used to be, that Americans are the *least* materialistic of peoples, and that sons are beginning to have reason to respect their fathers *more* than in the past.

If he isn't undermining an assumption, he is busy developing a paradox. States are decaying, but nationalism is growing; state power is ubiquitous yet nobody is in charge. Revolutionary thinking and intellectual stagnation are in strange conjunction. And "the IBM engineer and the hippie have boxed themselves into the same box, where they are rather uncomfortably together, having left little or no room for imagination."

In general he notes, as almost all persons beyond forty except Charles Reich tend to note, a movement down and away from order, purpose, understanding. Down and away from freedom and peace of mind. He is full of telling observations about the New Barbarism, and uses the past effectively to damn the present: "They let their hair and beard grow long as soon as one has come of age. . . . None of them has home, land or business of his own. . . . They are prodigal with the goods of others, they care nothing for their own. . . . They love indolence, but they hate real leisure" (this is Tacitus on ancient Germanic tribes). Yet he is always careful not to be taken merely as a mossback; he seems to be saying that though this is the age of the locust some of the locusts are nicer chaps than we have heretofore imagined.

The most enigmatic of his chapters comes near the end and is called "The Bourgeois Interior." Here he tries to find the seeds of a possibly habitable future in the near rather than the remote past. The near is the modern age, or what he calls the bourgeois age, which is now leaving us yet still contains possibility within it, if only we could understand it better. The bourgeois age at its best was a mixture of the best of an earlier patrician culture and the more modern urban culture, the best minds of which had little but contempt for the plebeianism with which the bourgeoisie are commonly identified. "The great achievements of European civilization during the last half thousand years were predominantly patrician in their inspiration, urbane in their manners, urban in their spirit." Urban rather than suburban. Patrician rather than middle-class. Yet bourgeois. What the bourgeois age did particularly was to move society away from the "external" life of the middle or dark ages. As a symptom, all sorts of "internal" words such as *self-confidence, conscience, melancholy* and *sentimental* came into the language for the first time during the bourgeois era. And the private life, as signified by the developing comfort and elegance of the interiors of houses, began at the same time: "The interior furniture of houses appeared together with the interior furniture of minds." Even the concept of family should be regarded, he says, as an achievement of the bourgeois age, not before. And "this interiority . . . is the most precious heritage of the western civilization of the last five hundred years."

Yet this interiority, in another of its manifestations, would seem to be the cause of most of the trouble we are in. "Our civilization is in ruins," Lukacs tells us at the very beginning, "because our beliefs about civilization are in ruins." We have brought our own doom upon us by our interiorizings.

A strange book, a strange man. He is guilty of many of the sins he describes. Thus he is cynical about the flood of "parajournalistic history" now being published, yet his own book skims like a water bug over the surface of all the major issues he can think of. Thus also he is cynical about those who disseminate "opinions rather than information," yet he is vastly opinionated. And above all he is in some respects an excellent example of a kind of intellectual he professes to dislike, who seems to make it his chief function in life to be a dissident: "There are innumerable instances suggesting that modern intellectuals do not believe themselves, that they don't really believe what they say, that they say certain things only in order to assure themselves that they possess opinions and ideas that are different from those that are entertained by the common herd of men." It is as if Lukacs had noted somewhere along the way that what the world wanted was opinions and dissent, and thus decided to provide, though as a historian and a man he knew better, and *hated* what the world wanted.

That remark may sound like a complaint, but it is not intended to be. Among the features of the dark age into which we have been thrust is a sudden contempt for the products of labored scholarship, and a concurrent extraordinary demand for extravagant proclamation. Lukacs notes that modern youth are unable to concentrate (hence need to be hit on the head) and that educational institutions are going down the drain (hence cannot combat simplistic thought). He is concerned that despite the enormous increase in the machinery of communication there is less communication taking place than in the past (hence again the need to be hit on the head). He seems in other words to be groping around for a new

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genre in which he as an intellectual but also as a concerned social being can get out of the box of neglect that many good minds now find themselves in. He is probably correct in assuming that one of the ways out is to write such a book as this: a collection of miscellaneous observations on the state of man. Yet he will be disappointed, I think, in the reception of this book; he is up against popularizers who far outdo him in simplifying the complex, and who make sweeping cultural pronouncements with little of the vital historical sense he clearly possesses.

Whatever his success personally, he may well be on the track of what the scholar must do to be heard at all in the whirlwind. Generalists are a dime a dozen these days – running even with the specialists – but generalists who know something are not.

Hugh Kenner: Red Wheelbarrow Revisited

William Carlos Williams, An American Artist by James E. Breslin

(Oxford University Press; $6.95)

The Williams-Siegel Documentary

(Definition Press; $5.95)

"*Spring and All*," Mr. Breslin writes – and he means the whole 93-page book of prose and verse by Williams, published in 1923, not the later streamlined versions – "*Spring and All*, for its startling originality and tense force, must be ranked as one of the major documents of modern literature." Good; it's time that was said. And though most of its pieces are accessible here and there, it's time for the book to be reissued. Hardly anyone saw it in 1923, when Bob McAlmon published 300 copies in Paris. Hardly anyone has seen it even now. (How many survive? The covers of even a well-cared-for copy crumble.) And it's where the essential Williams really begins. The book enacts a spring, a springing, of the Imagination; he thought much about the Imagination in those years.

He meant by the Imagination a hard-to-place zone where mental clarities occur: You no more experience clarities in your head than you experience vision in your eye. Where is the seen world? It is beyond the eye, in a space you have learned to create. And where, likewise, is the thought world? Ah, in the Imagination.

Which, Williams meant, is where poems are, in a space you must likewise learn to create. "There is a 'special' place which poems, as all works of art, must occupy, but it is quite definitely the same as that where bricks or colored threads are handled": are handled, of course, by the intending mind, that can reach through the fingers. The poem that doesn't succeed in existing there is "the usual 'poem,' the commonplace opaque board covered with vain curlicues."

In that place Williams called the Imagination we may encounter such a flower as the rose from whose petal's edge

> . . . a line starts
> that being of steel
> infinitely fine, infinitely
> rigid penetrates
> the Milky Way
> without contact . . .

The mathematical happenings take place in the Imagination too, and it is also the place where

> the reddish
> purplish, forked, upstanding, twiggy
> stuff of bushes and small trees

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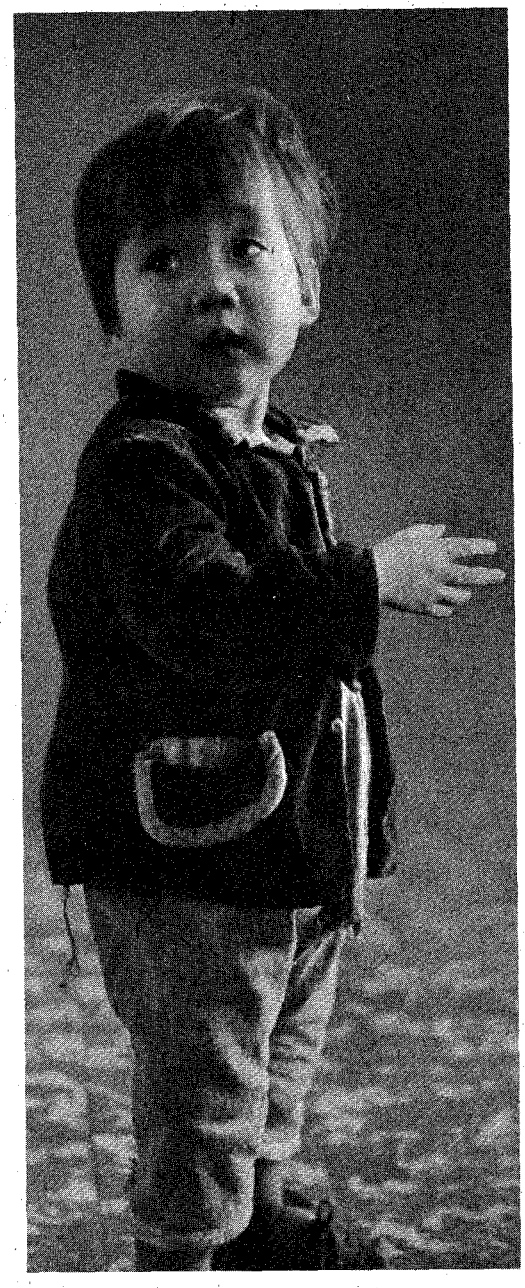
bristle and quicken in March. The poem seems to say they are "all along the road," but that road, being a verbal road, has eluded all maps.

All this is so hard to talk about that there is almost no Williams criticism, despite much appreciative writing. It is almost impossible for critics not to be talking about something the words derive from: a yard with a red wheelbarrow (what to say about *that?*) or the tapestry in the Cloisters, or the geography of Paterson, N.J. When the London *Times* stated (Jan. 7, 1965) that Paterson was "an imaginary town in New Jersey which Williams created as his symbol of America," it was righter than it knew, though it didn't know how to go on.

Mr. Breslin's book, cleanly written though nowhere exhilarating, does try to talk about happenings in the Imagination, where words collide. He is right to dwell on *Spring and All,* and what he says thereabouts all points in the right direction;, as when he proposes "to show how this jagged, circling movement extends down into the most minute workings of the poem – into the line itself." He notes accurately how "the line breaks do more than isolate the parts; they also stress the novelty of their combination. . . . A pause at the end of a line which is not a complete syntactic unit creates an expectant silence – which is often filled in surprising ways." So much for the cut-up-prose stereotype. He can show us why the earlier parts of *In the American Grain* are better than the later; he observes new things in *Paterson;* he does, at some length, perhaps the best that can be done for *Asphodel, that Greeny Flower,* where the emotion is so pervasive we're apt to mistake it for the poetry. (Mr. Breslin doesn't say that, being generous in wanting Williams' work to have a fine ending; but he helps one to formulate it.)

Not only better than usual, then: certainly the best short introduction. Yet the book is wholly (in the best sense) academic: of the academy: of a quiet place to which poems come to have their tonsils checked. Eli Siegel by contrast can slip without effort right into the place the poems occupy, and still contrive that we shall hear him talking. He talks of "musical nimbleness": "The scratch, the scrape, the sudden turn, the angle unlooked for – made musical – were the world made

She Needs Your Love



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plain and likable and honest to Williams."

Siegel is neither academic nor otherwise, but *sui generis*. "I think that poetry has as its purpose a good time that you can be proud of eternally." Into this good time enter "a vowel and consonant drama and a world-as-seen drama," registered in "one of those mischievous, musical poems in which the universe comes to be present through a few scratches and twirls."

So Siegel can talk fluently about the Wheelbarrow, and why "so much depends": "Williams is saying that if a curved useful thing, a wheelbarrow, can be red; and if the red can be glazed with rain water – that is, make a one with something different from red, something not of color; and if the oneness of a red wheelbarrow and rain can be attended by living things in white – the white chickens – the diversities of the world, seen boldly, can satisfy human life and a particular mind." Wow.

Wow indeed; he has three pages on that poem, simply wanting to do it justice (for "so much depends . . ."); they are three of the most attentive pages a critic has written; they omit nothing, no, not even "barrow" as "a study in the power of the magnificent consonant *b* along with two heavy vowels, *a* and *ow*, separated by two growling and functional *r's*;" never forgetting that "while these prosodic and perceptual things are going on, rain is making ontological love to a red wheelbarrow." The critic like the poem is free in that strange zone, the Imagination, where vowels may growl and rain make ontological love, and where Pythagoras was at home.

Unhappily, fewer than a quarter of the 200 pages in *The Williams-Siegel Documentary* give us Siegel's dealings with Williams' imagination. The rest documents an apparently obsessive grievance. Williams wrote (Nov. 3, 1951) an enthusiastic letter about Siegel's poems; Siegel lectured on Williams, and Williams was present and pleased; Williams arranged for Siegel to participate in a reading. And then – and then Siegel, and Mrs. Siegel, and the members of the Society for Aesthetic Realism, all of them sensed that Williams was growing a trifle . . . cool. And he grew no warmer, and didn't answer letters; and the Siegels persisted; and Mrs. Siegel made anxious diary entries, and wrote to Williams that she could make allowances for his silence, since "ES, as he is, so humble and so great, is more than most egos can stand;" and that ES could do Williams good, because "There is something you want to see; he knows what it is. There is something you want to know; he can teach you how." And still the silence persisted. No frail convalescent of 70 wants to be quite so submergingly done good to. The prodding continued. And two years ago Mrs. Williams, through New Directions, felt compelled to notify the Aesthetic Realists that she "did not wish any of William Carlos Williams' poems republished in connection with Eli Siegel's lecture."

So it's a sad book, the Aesthetic Realists standing sparsely about its décor like a Martha Graham troupe while Eli Siegel wastes his gifts enacting the Injured Party. One of the girls breaks formation briefly to testify that "Eli Siegel is the greatest critic there ever has been." No one needs that kind of praise. What Williams helped us see in Siegel, what Siegel helps us see in Williams, these clarities persist. It's a pity human beings always want more.

John Seelye: The Greening Grows Dark

Dance the Eagle Down by Marge Piercy

(Doubleday; $5.95)

Dance The Eagle Down is a novel deeply informed by experience with revolt and revelation during the past decade, but unlike Ray Mungo's *Total Loss Farm*, it is not a happy, idyllic romp, a lyrical reassurance that the Generation Gap has opened into Happy Hollow. Reviewing Mungo's autobiography in these pages (November 14), Peter Caws observed that it is a perfect expression of Charles Reich's fashionable formulation, "Consciousness III," that "Total Loss" refers to the loss of self which attends regeneration. But Piercy's novel indicates that all reports are not yet in, that Reich III was a much more complex experience than either Reich himself or Mungo has suggested.

The classics that Marge Piercy has chosen as models are those dark fantasies, like *Lord of the Flies* and *Lord of the Rings*, lord-books heavy with pessimism and persecution, and animated by the age-old, Manichean struggle between Good and Evil in which winners are somehow always losers. *Dance the Eagle Down* tells the story of some not-too-distant time in which a small army of youth, drawn together by mutual feelings of alienation and hostility towards an oppressive, dehumanized System, declare themselves a nation apart. Secession first takes the form of an armed takeover of a New York City high school and the establishment of a communal lifestyle during the ensuing seige. Though the initial revolt is put down, the rebels retreat to the New Jersey countryside for a prolonged period of communal experience, self-imposed and underground exile which is followed by a suicidal episode of guerrilla counter-attack. The resulting holocaust of repression by "them" scatters and decimates the rebels, but like an earlier Civil War, does not diminish the spirit of secession. The firestorm passes, leaving smoldering embers that are carefully nurtured by the surviving few.

Ray Mungo corroborates the simplism of Reich III by unintentionally (or inadvertently) speaking for a whole generation of rebels. His model is Henry Thoreau (by way of Jack Kerouac), but he has reversed Thoreau's progress from pacific transcendental revolt to the championing of John Brown: starting as a rebel, he ends up a recluse, nurturing his new consciousness in Vermont. The implication of autobiography always tends toward the universal. As Mungo goes, so goes Wood-

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stock Nation. But in Marge Piercy's schematic novel, the New Consciousness, rather than being embodied in a single representative, is depicted as a polysensuum, a group of personified and often disparate attitudes. And the movement of the group experience heads inexorably towards Apocalypse, with all that that grim experience suggests. It is *Moby-Dick II*, not *Walden II*.

If her book has an Ahab, it is a Kid named Billy, a Future Scientist of America turned guerilla fighter, whose disillusionment with the System turns into maniac hatred. But the central figure of the book, the chief proponent of the New Consciousness, is Corey, a half-Indian who spent his adolescence peddling pot and dreaming of revolution, but who is turned by his own revolt into a Guevaran, mystical figure of redemption. It is Corey who emerges as the charismatic leader of the high-school revolution, and it is he who leads his people into New Jersey, there to transform them into his version of Reich III. Besides Billy, there is Corey's girl, Joanna, drop-out daughter of an Army captain, and Corey's best friend, Shawn, a rock singer who has turned against the System because it was using him to exploit his own people. There is also Ginny, a warm body and heart in search of fulfillment by way of identity. Only Billy and Corey have any real sense of purpose, the one a firebrand exponent of violence, the other a mystical believer in the power of pacific resistance. The others surround this divided nucleus with various degrees of loyalty and resentment, motivated more by psychic and sexual drives than by any political ideology. Joanna resents the limited role assigned her as "Corey's girl," Shawn's relevance to the revolution is always rather foggy, even to himself, and Ginny's reason for being there vacillates between Billy and Shawn.

The burden of the action takes place in the New Jersey commune, where Corey's "Indians" develop primitive, rejuvenating rituals – Dionysiac revels which involve eating "bread" (a new psychedelicacy) and dancing out their moods without clothes. Surrounded by an invisible but powerful atmosphere of vengeful repression from without and divided within by psychological and tactical differences, Corey's Utopia turns out to be an impossible dream. There is seldom any unanimity, no sense that the individual characters are part of a whole, communal man. No one is happy, all are miserable, arguing interminably with each other (and themselves) about duty, loyalty, method, purpose. In the end, Billy wins, but everybody loses, so far as the immediate purpose of Corey's commune is concerned.

Following the destruction of the commune, the remnants of the Indians move (inevitably) West, gathering other remnants of destroyed utopias. In Utah, however, the exodus is halted and the remaining Indians almost entirely annihilated. In the end, only Shawn, Ginny, and a badly scarred black, named Marcus, are left. But Ginny is pregnant with Corey's child, and the birth of the new baby gives the last pages a note of springtime greening. Hope for them, perhaps, but not much hope for the rest of us. Towards the last page, Shawn says: "It's still we win, or everybody loses. Time is almost gone. It's the last great free-for-all robbery of everybody's earth. They're into polluting the ocean. The great famine is here." And, you know he's right.

Dance the Eagle Down is a frightening book, which will reassure only those who can take solace from the fact that it is cast as a futuristic novel. This is no real solace, since Marge Piercy has used the future only as a parabolic mirror of the recent past; her novel is indirectly about the Movement, more specifically about the rise, fragmentation, and fall of the Students for a Democratic Society. The future setting allows her a certain freedom of exaggeration and abstraction, so that she may elevate the rise and fall of Reich III into a Götterdammerung of symbolic and tragic proportions, and by so doing extrapolate and give fabulous substance to the essential Myth of the Movement.

Seen from this angle, the novel leaves the reader with a devastating sense of how far apart the generations have indeed moved, that the Gap has become an abyss. It is obvious that Piercy feels that her compatriots have passed through a trial by fire, that they are scattered and diminished, but that the encounter has been a confrontation of massive proportions and implication. They have gained more than they have lost, and what they have gained is the solidarity of identity, a new consciousness far more sombre in implication than a sappy love of bell-bottoms and peanut butter.

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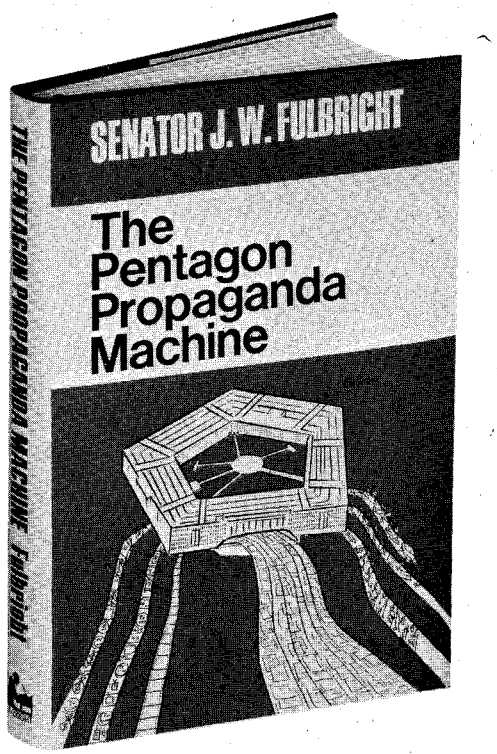

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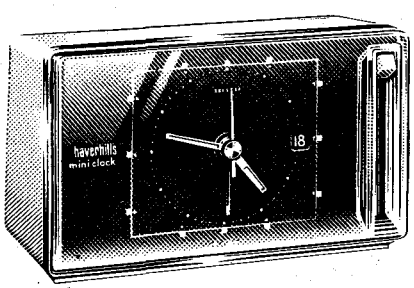

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David Sanford: Helping Consumers (Not Much)

Suggested Guidelines For Consumer Education

Published by the President's Committee on Consumer Interests

(Government Printing Office; $.65)

President Nixon's consumer advisor, Mrs. Virginia Knauer, thinks we need consumer education in the schools. What for? Well, for one thing, to teach kids that "possessions cannot bring complete happiness." She said that.

Consumer education of the sort Mrs. Knauer envisions would also teach that our machines are extraordinarily complicated, that products are baffling in their variety, and that salesmen are sometimes – how shall we put it – crooks.

The increasing complexity and variety of commercial malpractice is a logical justification for consumer education, but it is also something to think twice about before going overboard in teaching defense against all the offenses of the world. If every difficult social problem were to spawn a high school class in "coping," the schools would proliferate in karate and marksmanship, antidotes and armorplate.

The emphasis and the effort just might be misplaced. Should children have to take, as Mrs. Knauer recommends, "courses in tactics of used car salesmen" or might it not be better to require of car dealers courses in simple honesty?

Mrs. Knauer, in fairness, thinks both are required. Government – particularly the regulatory agencies – has a role in enforcing fair business practices on sellers, and the schools have a responsibility to teach buyers how to behave. Intelligent consuming – "buymanship" in the parlance of consumer educators – would make the marketing system more responsive and responsible. That is, if the consumer knows what he is doing, he won't be as easily done in. And businessmen will have to try new and, presumably, more forthright selling approaches.

It seems to me there is something very cynical about consumer education, especially when it comes suggested by the federal government which has done very little either to legislate consumer protection or to educate consumers. For many years the Veterans Administration, which had done extensive laboratory work on hearing aids, wouldn't release to the public its test results on the grounds that doing so would give unfair competitive advantage to the companies that made the best products. The Nixon Administration opposes allowing individual consumers to institute class action suits against consumer frauds.

The *Suggested Guidelines for Consumer Education* published last month by the President's Committee on Consumer Interests are suitably broad to allow teachers to stress what they will, within a context generally accepting of the consumer culture. Here and there within the syllabus there is room for the teacher to criticize government and industry and the cherished values of materialism and consumption.

But many of the resources suggested by the *Guidelines* are biased in favor of the unaltered marketplace. For instance, it is suggested that fourth graders be asked to "list the ways in which insurance helps people in personal financial losses" – and it is proposed that an insurance agent be invited to school to discuss with seventh graders "factors that determine insurance costs." You wouldn't expect the kids to learn from such experiences anything about loopholes in coverage, fine print insurance contracts, the difficulty old people have in finding anybody who will sell them, at a conscionable cost, life and health insurance. Nor would you expect them to hear about auto insurers that cancel policies after an accident, or about how insurance companies have lobbied state legislatures to let them set their own excessive rates. They'll learn these things if the teacher is on the ball, but only then.

"Consumer education," says Mrs. Knauer, "is an imperative need for every young person in America." In an ideal world – a world without price fixing, collusion, restraint of trade, slack filling, packaging to price, bait

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and switch, dangling comparatives and other ingenious and baffling marketplace devices, "buymanship" wouldn't be all that essential. In a corrupted marketplace, it isn't all that helpful. Knowing how the marketplace works doesn't mean you won't become its victim anyway.

Recordings

Who's Left? Horenstein Nominated

This summer, three fine conductors died: Sir John Barbirolli, founder of the Hallé Orchestra and the most important English musician of his generation; George Szell, the conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra, which he had trained into perfection as possibly the best American orchestra; and Jonel Perlea, who was not quite so well known, but who has left behind a legacy of fine recordings, mostly operatic. RCA has reissued his *Rigoletto* on its low-priced Victrola line.

I remember Toscanini's retirement in 1955 and death in 1957; the other and opposite giant of twentieth-century conducting, Wilhelm Furtwangler, died in 1954. Both these men were copiously recorded, although Toscanini never got the treatment he deserved from the engineers.

Since then there has been a terrible toll among those conductors who have provided music lovers with fine recordings. Pierre Monteax, Fritz Reiner, Charles Munch, Bruno Walter – all are gone. There are of course younger men around who will no doubt be called "great" by future generations – Leonard Bernstein, Pierre Boulez, Georg Solti. But who is the current Dean? Who is left of the Viennese line which produced Mahler and Bruno Walter and Furtwangler?

Jascha Horenstein, that's who.

"Who's he?" the record buyer will ask. (Believe me, that's what the average record buyer *does* ask.)

Jascha Horenstein was born in Kiev about seventy-four years ago, and made his debut in Vienna in 1925 conducting Mahler's first symphony. Wars, revolutions, the ups-and-downs of the music business, and plain bad luck have kept him from the top until now. He lives in Switzerland; when asked recently how he felt about getting sort of passed over, he replied cheerfully that he gets to conduct the London Symphony Orchestra once in a while. Don't count him out yet; he may have thought the question a bit impertinent.

During the fifties he made lots of records for the Vox label, most of them before stereo and most of them now out of print. One of these was a 1952 recording of Mahler's first symphony. For years, critics reviewing new recordings of this piece have been saying, "But the one to have is the old Horenstein recording." Now, his new recording of the Mahler first, in beautiful stereo sound, is available in this country on the low-priced Nonesuch label; receiving rave reviews from *Stereo Review*, *High Fidelity*, and the *American Record Guide*, it has already sneaked onto *Bill Board*'s list of best-selling classical records. We may be on the edge of a Horenstein boom.

Horenstein has recorded everything from Bach to Schönberg, and I have heard most of his recordings. Most of them are better than any of the competition, and all of them are revelatory; that is, you will hear things in a Horenstein performance that you didn't know were there. All the critics are flipping out nowadays over the Harnoncourt-Telefunken recording of the Bach Brandenberg Concerti, *mit originalinstrumenten;* Horenstein's old Vox recording of this music came complete in a lavish box with a copy of the miniature score. As far as I know, it was the first recording ever made using the original instrumentation. Nicholas Harnoncourt was one of the musicians in the orchestra.

Those of us who have grown up in provincial towns and suburbs depending on phonograph records for our musical enlightenment, have in Horenstein a conductor who likes to make records and who understands the recording medium. There is no other explanation for the incredible orchestral textures he achieves; the man obviously knows what he is doing in front of the microphones. This quality alone has already made his out-of-print records collector's items in this day and age when the medium, unfortunately, is almost as important as the message. Thus, in his old recording of Mahler's song cycles, *Kindertotenlieder* and *Songs of a Wayfarer*, Norman Foster's voice and Horenstein's orchestra caress each other in such a way as to express the beauty and heavenly sadness of these songs as no other performance has ever done.

Another almost supernatural quality of Horenstein's musicmaking is his ability to get the best possible playing out of whatever orchestra happens to

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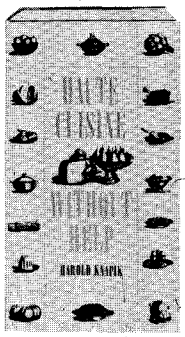

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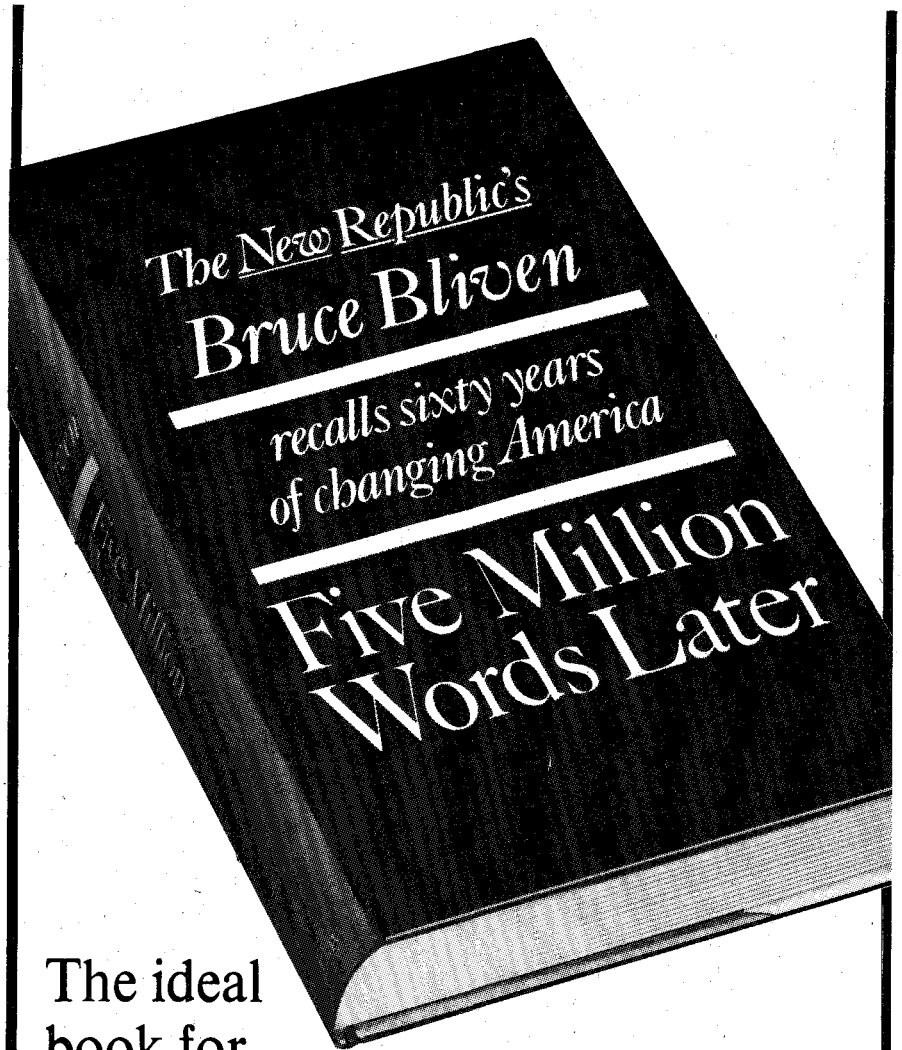

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be at hand. In his recording of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, the South-West German Radio Orchestra of Baden-Baden handles the tricky rhythmic qualities of the piece with seeming ease. This recording, by the way, is a superb example of Horenstein's orchestral balance: he brings out harmonies and accents that were always there on the page, but which nobody else plays quite the same way.

At a Florida music festival in August, 1969, Horenstein conducted the second half of a program with a student orchestra. The man who conducted the first half of the concert got a respectable thank-you from the afternoon audience, composed mostly of moms and dads; when Horenstein, after the intermission, led the orchestra in a Haydn symphony, there was visible excitement on the part of the audience, and afterwards a standing ovation. In his old out-of-print recordings of Haydn's symphonies, one listens enchanted to the beauty and the precision of the music. In the Stravinsky, Horenstein generates excitement; in Haydn, the phrasing recalls the elegance and grace which the eighteenth century probably did not deserve.

His available recordings include:
Mahler: Symphony #1 (L.S.O., – Nonesuch 71240
Nielsen: Symphony #5 (New Philharmonia Orch.) – Nonesuch 71236
Tchaikovsky: Symphony #6 "Pathetique" (L.S.O.) – E.M.I. ASD 2332

All three of these performances were spectacularly well-recorded at the source, but the Nonesuch engineers have done a terrible job of the tape-to-disc transfer of the Nielsen. Horenstein has been playing this symphony for forty years, and he has his own exciting way with it: in the duel between the snare-drum and the clarinet in the first movement, he has the drummer hitting rim-shots, adding immeasurably to the excitement of the drama between war and peace, which is what the music is about. The imported Unicorn edition (RHS 300) is worth looking for. As for the Tchaikovsky, it is a dignified performance

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

DONALD M. CLARKE *attends the University of Wisconsin. Professor* HUGH KENNER *teaches English at the University of California in Santa Barbara.* JOHN SEELYE *is a professor of English at the University of Connecticut.*

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which doesn't descend into the soupiness that that composer often gets. It is available only on an import, Angel having decided not to market it in this country. A Bruckner Fourth and a Mahler Third should be available sometime this fall at least on imports.

Mozart: *Coronation Mass* and *Vesperae Solemnes De Confessore* (Vienna Pro Musica, Christa Ludwig, others) – Turnabout 34063

Schönberg: *Transfigured Night* and *Chamber Symphony* (SW German Radio Symphony) – Turnabout 34263

Haydn: *The Creation* (Vienna Volksoper, soloists) – Turnabout 34184/5

Excellent stereo sound. The Mozart disc is ethereally lovely, and the Schönberg is an excellent introduction to this composer, since the performance is a perfect example of Horenstein's art as well. The *Transfigured Night*, a late Romantic piece for string orchestra, has plenty of passion in it without, in this performance, descending into decadence. The *Chamber Symphony* is somewhat later Schönberg, and the virtuosity Horenstein elicits from his players makes this performance the one to have. The Haydn set is marred by the singing of Julius Patzak, who was past his prime, but for the conducting it is still a must.

Stravinsky: *The Rite of Spring* (SW German Radio Symphony) – Vox 513200

Beethoven: Symphony #3 "Eroica" (SW German Radio Symphony) – Vox 510700

Very early stereo sound, still quite serviceable. The Beethoven is no longer listed in Schwann, but is still available.

Beethoven: Symphony #9 (Vienna Pro Musica, soloists) – Vox 510000

Bruckner: Symphony #8 (Vienna Pro Musica) – Turnabout 35357/8

Bruckner: Symphony #9 (Vienna Pro Musica) – Turnabout 35356

Mahler: Symphony #1 (Vienna Pro Musica) – Turnabout 34355

Mahler: Symphony #9 (Vienna Sym.) – Turnabout 34332/3

These are all ersatz Stereo. The Beethoven is tolerable, but the others unfortunately have been butchered by the engineers. Other record companies are learning that customers will not buy phony stereo, but Vox-Turnabout is a little behind the times. Anyway, a little subtle stereoizing might be all right, but these recent Turnabout reissues have the original reasonably rich mono sound rolled off until it sounds like it's coming from a breadbox. The Bruckner performances are available in a five-record set (Vox VSPS-5) with some other Bruckner recordings; in this edition the phony stereo is somewhat less horrible. The Mahler Ninth is one of Horenstein's finest achievements; it would be nice if some computer hadn't turned it to dross. The Mahler First is the legendary 1952 recording, but don't buy it: the record *ends* – you won't believe this – right in the middle of the last movement. All this stuff needs remastering.

There are some other odds-and-ends: a Dover disc in honest mono of a Bartok violin concerto, and a London stereo Bruch *Scottish Fantasia*. When you really get bitten by the Horenstein bug, you'll have to have all those Reader's Digest classical sets, available by mail only. They contain several excellent Horenstein performances, as well as a fine Fritz Reiner Brahms Fourth, etc.

Vox has in its vaults a lot of good stuff, including a fine pair of stereo Brahms symphonies, which may be reissued soon. As word gets around and new Horenstein recordings continue to sell well, this fine conductor should eventually be properly represented in the record catalog.

Donald M. Clarke

Television

Slouching Toward Bethlehem

Before John Kennedy out-tubed Richard Nixon in 1959, TV was merely an expensive merchandising device and a feather in Reddy Kilowatt's capitalistic hat; it was not a Problem. Now it is certainly a Problem, but it might as well be a feather for all that is being done about it. Intelligent control of the medium seems out of the question. We should resort to prayer perhaps: oh Lord, may NBC, CBS and the rest dry up and blow away.

A few optimists have of late actually been prophesying the death, with or without prayer, of TV as a conditioning agent. People, they say, don't watch the thing any more; the novelty has worn off; everybody older than five is bored by it; and the November election results showed extreme public apathy to all those pontificating political heads. Radio, I even heard one add, is on the way back. (And soap boxes?) Well, there may be truths here but my impression is that TV is not dying, far from it. Instead, as in 1959, it's about to enter a new stage. It's waiting, tapping its foot.

Waiting for what? The future that the official professional prophets keep selling us is one with CATV (mixed with two-way stuff), and programs on tape, and no cigaret commercials, and "Sesame Street" for all ages – and though this future sounds mighty fine it sounds mighty vague too, and it certainly at this moment lacks the basic ingredient: non-Reddy-Kilowatt spiritual energy. Meanwhile, back here in the old age of TV's *present* stage, the scramble for performances that display energy has become thoroughly grim – a crescendo of competing Madison Avenue gimmickry. The model in the most competitive programming areas would seem to be "Laugh In," an insufferable production of controlled mercenary hysteria with one overriding principle: pack as much crap as you can pack into a minute. Now, assuming as I do that one can't pack much more into a minute than is now being packed, I am driven to forecast that the new stage, when it appears, will be marked by a move in the other direction, that is, by some sort of slow down; but I confess to seeing nothing on the horizon yet, except perhaps the pace of a David Frost interview, that tends to back up the forecast. Instead one finds dozens of tube-entrepreneurs still trying to *up* the hysteria. Certainly everything that recently passed as political campaigning had an excruciating upward intent: the names, faces and crude credentials of the various candidates kept being flashed before us like Pepsi bottles. (How much does it *hurt* a candidate, I keep wondering, to be mashed in there with Pepsi?)

The noncommercial programmers have felt obliged to opt for hysteria too wherever they are really competing – as with children's programs, and news.

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The brevity and intensity of "Sesame Street's" lessons, and the quickness of the shifting from episode to episode may be defended as accommodation to a child's short attention-span; yet one could argue on the other side that "Sesame Street," with its "commercials" and quickie cartoons borrowed from the business folk, helps *make* the child's attention-span short, as well as condition him to expect life to be constantly flooded with jazzy visual and aural sensations.

As for news, the nearest thing to a national news program on the non-commercial stations is something called "Newsroom," sponsored by the Ford Foundation, that originates in four separate cities: Dallas, S.F., Pittsburgh and Washington, DC. I see occasionally the Washington program, which is also spread up and down the East Coast via some 20-or-so stations comprising EEN (Eastern Educational Network), and I must report that while it is a thoughtful and ambitious program, and endowed with good possibilities, it is also, by the nature of its format, a hysteria-pusher.

The major idea that Ford has backed here is to get individual reporters to give the news direct, rather than filtering the news through a rewrite-hash machine and handing it to an announcer. As a supplement to this principle the program is designed to give other reporters the opportunity to *challenge* the facts and opinions put forth in each news account right after it is aired. Very sound journalistic notions, these – but they do carry with them a big charge of nervous intensity, at least as they are programmed at the moment. In contrast to them the commercial programs, though less faithful to truth and light, seem models of calm and deliberate solomonizing. (Perhaps the original success of Walter Cronkite and of the old Huntley-Brinkley team was in their capacity to move fast yet seem slow, cool, relaxed?) In "Newsroom" a dozen or so reporters sit around a big table and compete in blurting out their squibs. One could get hives.

But nothing quite tops for hysteria a movie critic I run into occasionally on one of the commercial channels (I will respectfully not locate him). He is, I would guess, a sort of upper-middle-brow critic, and as such he is trying to bring Better Things to the tube; but he comes on as a complete clown with enormous spectacles and a handle-bar moustache, and he holds up to the camera a fistful of 3 x 5 cards, on each one of which is a little film blurb. A really good blurb he stuffs happily into his upper left hand coat pocket; a so-so blurb he slides to the bottom of the pack; and a little stinker, ah, he throws that ostentatiously away, while grimacing.

Is this sort of striving-for-attention wrong? No it's just a sign of our post-circus, late-late-baroque times. One can find similar signs in all the arts now, and in the frenetic world of book publishing, as well as in education – so I should not crucify a struggling movie critic. What does it *take*, now, to gain and keep the attention of that great American mule, the public? Current programmers obviously think it takes a blow from a two-by-four every few seconds, and they may be right.

We await, then, that commanding presence (and his name is not Nixon) who can sit in a chair for an hour slowly eating peanuts while we watch, engrossed, and listen, believing, to his measured power, wisdom, humor and magnanimity. Wow. Who dat? – whoever he may be he will appear, if he appears, out of our post-hysteric selves.

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Correspondence

Palestine

Sirs:

Georgie Anne Geyer's article ("The Palestinian Refugees" *NR*, November 21, 1970) is illustrative of a dangerous confusion that affects otherwise sober-minded people outside the Arab world, and that is the myth of a wronged Palestinian nationality and its thwarted right to self-determination. The constituent elements of that myth deserve some elucidation: that a Palestinian Arab majority was victimized by Zionist immigration, which resulted in the expulsion of the majority by a "foreign minority," and that this minority was able to maintain itself only by the support of the "imperialist" powers.

The salient facts that bear repetition include the following: Palestine, ever since the collapse of Jewish sovereignty during the era of the Roman Empire, was administered, until 1917 when

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Britain took over from the Ottoman Empire, as a district of the province of Syria. The name "Palestine" came to be used by Rome specifically to underline the crushing of Jewish sovereignty in Judea. The Arabs did not arrive on the scene as conquerors until 700 years after this event. But Arabs never administered "Palestine" as a separate entity, nor did the empires which, in turn, conquered the area from the Arabs.

We come, then, to the question of population. When the British authorities carried out the first census in 1922, there were only 184,000 Arabs in the area of Palestine in which Israel was eventually established. By 1948 when Israel was established there were more than one million Arabs. Something like 80 percent of them were recent immigrants to the country from neighboring Arab states, just as a similar proportion of Jews had arrived in the country since the First World War. The reason for the Arab influx was the greater economic development of Palestine resulting from the Jewish immigration, and more Arabs came in than Jews because the British government, despite its Mandate from the League of Nations, never placed obstacles in the way of Arab immigration as it did in the case of Jewish immigration. Far from displacing Arabs, Jewish immigration to Palestine had the effect of attracting more Arabs into the country. And, as is well known, the land used by the Jewish settlers was well paid for.

However, for political reasons too complicated to be recounted here, a murderous hatred for Jews was spread among the Arab population of Palestine. The leadership over the Arab community of Haj Amin el Husseini (Mufti of Jerusalem), who thrived in this political climate, was secured by wholesale slaughter and intimidation of those Arabs who even hinted at the desirability of an accommodation with the Jews. Husseini eventually wound up in Berlin during World War II abetting Hitler's annihilation of the Jews, and working for the world wide triumph of Nazism. This mentality was expressed by the Palestinians back home by a series of massacres of Jews that punctuated the whole history of Palestine in this century up to 1948, and it is still alive in the current Palestinian leadership. Did they not try to have their little Auschwitz in the desert during the recent hijackings?

Still, nationalism is a state of mind. And even if there has never been, in a historical sense, a Palestinian nationality, there are now people who insist on such a label. But if they insist on having their territorial entity, it is preferable that it be located slightly to the east of the Jordan River (which area was also called "Palestine" up to 1922).

Elias Cooper
Mahopac, NY

Relief

Sirs:

As leader of the American Andean Relief Mission of the American Alpine Club, I was aghast when I saw the article which was written by Roger Glass of our group and published by you ("Aid Fiasco in Peru," Sept. 19). This was very much of a minority report and does not reflect the feelings of the group as a whole. . . . Although in any situation where improvisation is of necessity at the base, some improvement could be made by hindsight. Yet I have nothing but admiration for the way AID handled the situation.

H. Adams Carter
Milton, Mass.

Student Bargaining

Sirs:

Prof. Jeffrey Harrison's program for student activism ("Student Bargaining" *NR* Nov. 21, 1970) is an exercise in fantasy. In the first place, it is doubtful that a majority of students on any campus would participate in a long strike without being provoked by the police. In the second place, a wise university president would probably ignore the strikers and continue on a "business as usual" basis – unless, of course, the strikers begin to "liberate" buildings or otherwise disrupt the university. (Prof. Harrison may wish to call such a university president "crafty" rather than wise, but that wouldn't materially alter the probable chain of events. By his own admission the expectation of negotiations is "naive".)

But beyond these two considerations there are a host of questions about Prof. Harrison's scenario. Many undergraduates could call home for food money (although most radicals would be amused by the suggestion), but what does the graduate student with a wife and two children do when the Board of Regents votes to cut off his pittance of an assistantship unless he resumes his duties? How long would faculty kitchens remain open to strikers – and their dependents? And further, the effectiveness of such a strike would depend upon whether research continued. What would be the reaction of an English professor who is picketed as a strikebreaker for working at home on the last chapter of his book on Milton? And are the students who go to football games those on whom a call to strike for social justice would have much impact? Finally, if students have not turned away from campus bookstores because of high prices and legendary inefficiency or from dining halls because of notorious nutritional and gastronomic deficiencies, will they do so as part of a scheme to bring about an end to poverty?

Ultimately Prof. Harrison's case rests on a faulty comparison between a uni-

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versity and a factory. A university may be an "input-output system" (Are you listening Mario Savio, wherever you are?), but it is not merely that. The argument smacks too much of old wars at Berkeley, but with the twist that students are now not only raw-material-to-be-made-into-a-product, but the factory hands as well. Interesting – but only because it promotes the faculty from factory hands to foremen, hardly the kind of contention to warm the heart of Henry Steel Commanger.

Students in the 1970s simply are not like workers in the 1930s. Students are not accustomed to the deprivations a prolonged strike would visit upon them. Too many would simply go home. And what price victory? So that in forty years we could have a 19 year old George Meany sitting at the head of a new AFL-CIO. (American Federation of Learning-Congress of Intellectual Organizations. The internal strife over whether to organize according to discipline or type of university is a very real possibility.) In 2010 would students be demanding excused absences from examinations held on their birthdays?

But the most vital issue brought up by Prof. Harrison's argument is the role of the university in our society. Why is the university against which we are called upon to strike? Why don't we demand that musicians close down symphony orchestras in order to end war? Or that newspaper printers stop the presses to end poverty? All of us – cellists, pressmen, and students – have an interest in bringing about such eventualities, but why must any of us be asked to stop doing a vital and important job to bring them about?

I am afraid that the net effect of Prof. Harrison's scheme would be a new president for the university concerned (and remember that Max Rafferty will soon be in search for a new job), and/or the demolition of the university. And where will that have gotten us?

Nicholas Acocella
State University of New York, Stony Brook

In reply:

Mr. Acocella's misconceptions stem from faulty logic as well as from not reading my article very carefully. First, I totally agree that collective bargaining by students is an impossibility without unity. I also agree that this unity will not be found everywhere. But, where it is not found, there is no need for collective bargaining because there is no potentially violent mass of students. Therefore, the question of unity is moot; without unity there is no need.

I also agree that there will be a hardship on those students with families. But these students normally make up a small minority of a student body. Also, by using the hardship argument, Mr. Acocella ignores the success of trade unions, many of which have a great majority of married members.

Mr. Acocella questions how effective student strikes can be with regard to ending poverty and the war. Yet, the basic premise of the article was that collective bargaining could be successful when student concern turns to issues more directly related to the university. He suffers this comprehension problem again when he claims that the article says "students are now . . . factory hands as well." I am at a loss to find this even implicitly in the original proposal.

Mr. Acocella is far more optimistic than I. With all the feasibility problems he sees, 40 years seems like wishful thinking for his (not mine) AFL-CIO. After all, it took 130 years for organized labor to become a significant force.

Jeffrey L. Harrison

Sirs:

Mr. Harrison's prediction that "student concern will become centered around issues more directly affecting to the universities, their internal policies, as well as their relationship to the community" is particularly interesting. Academic programs are now controlled by faculty, not administrators. The underlying philosophy is "what is good for the faculty is good for students." Curriculum is designed by faculty committees, sometimes with token student representation. Professors decide whether they should hold classes on a given day, or before a holiday, regardless of student desire. Admittedly, in many cases, students also have the option not to attend classes when they are held. Evaluating student progress is the sole prerogative of the instructor. The converse is not true – the evaluation of teaching is a matter for peer judgment, sometimes with token criticism by students. Advisement of college students, often by uninformed and unconcerned faculty, is notoriously poor. Finally, in a growing number of colleges the hiring of, and granting of tenure to, faculty members is usually determined by faculty committees, with token approval by administrators.

An analysis of the present balance of power in many of the nation's universities reminds one of Pogo's classic "we have met the enemy and he is us." When Mr. Harrison's student bargaining becomes a reality, the major con-

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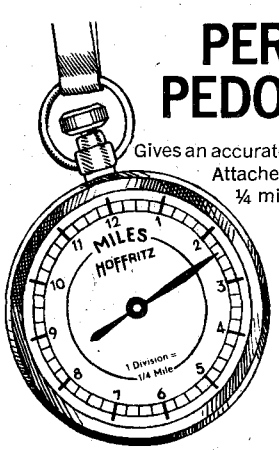

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frontation on campuses is likely to be between students and faculty, not administration. Students will establish grievance committees with authority and muscle. Faculty will no longer be accountable only to each other (and nominally to the administration), but to students. What will then happen to "academic freedom" and the "license" which operates under its guise?

Student bargaining may well accomplish what faculty committees and college administrators have been unwilling and unable to do, a thorough housecleaning. Up to now there has been little effective recourse for students genuinely interested in improving the overall quality of teaching. Student groups, actively involved in the hiring and firing of academic faculty and administrators, might be able to bring about a new emphasis on performance and help rid the campuses of incompetent and ineffective staff.

Jack Parker
Coordinator of Student Teaching
State University of New York, Cortland

Black English

Sirs:

Re: Black English (November 28): Chinese-English, Italian-English and Yiddish-English are also frowned on. Immigrant kids, in schools full of other kids just like themselves, learned standard English. It did not mean that they stopped marrying Chinese, talking Italian to momma or cooking Kreplach. It did mean that they could be understood on the telephone, behind the counter or in the smoke filled room. Anyone who thinks that an undecipherable accent is no barrier to employment has never looked for a job.

Black kids are as smart as the next group, and can learn standard English too. If the drive to do so is missing we must find out how to instill it. Being able to speak English is not cultural emasculation or knuckling under to Whitey. It is simply an enormously useful tool. There is no surer way to help erect a separate, Black nation than by ordaining a Black language. The establishment of Black English in the schools would be an irretrievable error.

Eaton Lattman
Baltimore, Md.

Kauffmann, *from page 20*

parison, and Storey shrivels next to Pinter. Much of *Home* sounds like a revue-sketch parody of Pinter – the hemstitching of banalities. But, like the revue sketch, what it omits is the other five-sixths of the Pinter iceberg, the submerged text of ambiguity or cosmic hilarity or horror of which the clichés are only the glint. There is nothing to Storey's people besides what they say, and the only substantive differentiation among them is that the two men are middle-class and bland, the two women are lower-class and gamy.

This production is from the Royal Court Theater in London and is fine. John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson play the dodderers; both give vocal performances of extraordinary delicacy, both understand the interplay of eyes in a play liberally laced with silences. The two women are Mona Washbourne (whom we've seen in such films as *Billy Liar* and *The Bed-Sitting Room*) and Dandy Nichols (*The Birthday Party*), and both are, as usual, flawless. Graham Weston is adequate as a moronic young ex-wrestler.

But the most interesting aspect of the production for me is Lindsay Anderson's direction. Among my most uncomfortable reviewing moments have been the adverse comments I had to make on his two feature films, *This Sporting Life* and *If . . .* because I've been very aware of the unusual directing talent even when these films go structurally awry. Every moment of *If . . .*, for instance, is beautifully made; I just wish that some of the moments weren't there. Still I can't think of another film director in British history who is his superior in skill and style.

I've longed to see his work in the theater, where he has spent more of his time and where the shape of his projects is defined – or more largely defined – by an author other than himself. My hunch has, in this instance, proved out. Where the text is more or less a given and where Anderson's job is primarily that of interpreter, he is excellent. Storey's play is fairly vacuous, but Anderson has seen clearly how it needed to be done, has *heard* it. And he has understood that showpieces for today's virtuoso actors are not written like *Cyrano* or *Virginius* but in prosy prose, and he has helped Richardson and Gielgud to an actors' holiday. Now I'm greedy to see Anderson's work on a better play.

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